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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Thirty to Sixty

THE wicked books of the world are generally written by middle-aged people for middle-aged people. Old age is too wise or too lazy or too dull to bother about wickedness and youth does not know enough to recognize real sensuality when it sees it. The titillating novels that are the fashion just now, with their descriptions of what once was the untellable, the cheap magazines that tell the naked truth about everything, and the witty, smutty plays, are written by and for men and women over thirty-five. Young men and young women, even in this "hard-boiled" period, are easily shocked, and still more easily satiated. If a pestilence should carry off everyone between thirty and sixty, sex literature would cool off like steam radiators in Spring. There would be the sneaking kind of pronography left, but the steady market for the warm suggestive book and the novel of explicit detail would collapse.

Since the War we have been morbidly interested in the morals of youth. Colleges have issued the results of questionnaires, stories have circulated, there has been as much talk as of Prohibition. Not by youth however. It is the middle-aged that do the talking; they write the plays and stories about youth (some exceptions of course), they read about their doings, and ask for more.

That there has been a shift in moral attitude since 1914 is evident. That this shift has involved sex relations is also evident, although not more than the ideas of religion and duty. But it is not youth that has caused the shifting. They took their color from a society already in process of change. They have been formed by the middle-aged, and have done what their elders have already conceived in their hearts. If they are brazen about their new egoisms that is because they follow on naturally, not morbidly with a sense of sin. And if they go wrong more often than their fathers—which remains to be proven—they certainly are not so morbidly interested in the details.

When men and women reach middle age they have learned to understand experience, but usually find it unwise to go after it. They become parasites in their imagination upon youth. They write the books, because they can and youth cannot, and sometimes it is romantic adventure that they foist as an ideal upon a whole generation, and sometimes it is sexual adventure, but in any case their literary report of a youthful generation has to be discounted since it is made by elders who are sure to exaggerate what interests them.

We have been saying that this is the time for youth, that the youngster never had such a chance to express himself, that most novels deal with adolescence, and that everywhere youth, with its new ideas, wins. There is a good deal of mere assertion in these statements, and some bunk. What de we know about real youth anyway, the youth that has become adolescent since the War? Quite a little of its habits, but practically nothing of its inner life. It is the remembered youth of the middle-aged that has been dealt out to us so abundantly. It is the looseness of a generation that still remembers Victorianism which we have been getting. Age forty today was born in 1886. The novels it writes of sex adventure and sex rebellions represent what a youth of, say, 1906, would feel if he were active, and still very young, today.

Middle age is notoriously the most earthy period of the human animal. It is then that humors break out and controls are dropped; it is then that the imagination is most vivacious. The really scurrilous writers have, with scarcely an exception, been middle-aged. Hence when morals relax it is the middle-aged who are likely to take the first advantage, and have done so, if the truth were out, in this demoralized post-war decade. It was the middle-aged in literature who swung the pendulum

(*Continued on page* 415)

Tighter'n Hell

By VIRGINIA MOORE

IN God's own image was McGuiness made,
In God's own likeness, as the Scriptures show.
Nevertheless, the barley crop was slow
As Satan, and the interest wasn't paid,
And when McGuiness thought, he was afraid
Of things he knew, of things he didn't know,
Of things he guessed. The blight was eating low
On apple-boughs. The sun was mostly shade.

Who is the censor, Sunday afternoon,
If old McGuiness rises in the scale,
Confederate of the sun, the stars, the moon,
A temporary god who doesn't fail?
Perhaps he has a right to sovereign power
He brews behind the barn. It lasts an hour.

This Week

"England." Reviewed by *C. K. Ogden.*

"Washington." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"The Doctor Looks at Life and Love." Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*

"A Million and One Nights." Reviewed by *Jim Tully.*

"Three American Plays." Reviewed by *Hulbert Footner.*

"Read 'Em and Weep." Reviewed by *Randall Thompson.*

"Sappho" and "Theocritus." Reviewed by *Paul Shorey.*

"The Last Day." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"Galahad." Reviewed by *Chauncey B. Tinker.*

"The Sun Also Rises." Reviewed by *Cleveland Chase.*

Goat. By *Henry Chapin.*

Next Week, or Later

Note to Novel Readers. By *Zona Gale.*

H. L. Mencken

By WALTER LIPPMANN

HERE* in two hundred pages is Mr. Mencken's philosophy. Here are the premises of that gargantuan attack upon the habits of the American nation which has made Mr. Mencken the most powerful personal influence on this whole generation of educated people. I say personal influence, for one thing this book makes clear, and that is that the man is bigger than his ideas.

If you subtract from this book the personality of H. L. Mencken, if you attempt to restate his ideas in simple unexcited prose, there remains only a collection of trite and somewhat confused ideas. To discuss it as one might discuss the ideas of first rate thinkers like Russell, Dewey, Whitehead, or Santayana would be to destroy the book and to miss its importance. Though it purports to be the outline of a social philosophy, it is really the highly rhetorical expression of a mood which has often in the past and may again in the future be translated into thought. In the best sense of the word the book is sub-rational: it is addressed to those vital preferences which lie deeper than coherent thinking.

The most important political books are often of this sort. Rousseau's "Social Contract" and Tom Paine's "Rights of Man" were far inferior as works of the mind to the best thought of the eighteenth century, but they exerted an incalculably great influence because they altered men's prejudices. Mr. Mencken's book is of the same sort. The democratic phase which began in the eighteenth century has about run its course. Its assumptions no longer explain the facts of the modern world and its ideals are no longer congenial to modern men. There is now taking place a radical change of attitude not merely towards parliamentary government but towards the whole conception of popular sovereignty and majority rule. This change is as radical in its way as that which took place, say between 1776 and 1848.

In the United States Mr. Mencken is the most powerful voice announcing the change. The effect of his tremendous polemic is to destroy, by rendering it ridiculous and unfashionable, the democratic tradition of the American pioneers. This attack on the divine right of demos is an almost exact equivalent of the earlier attacks on the kings, the nobles, and the priests. He strikes at the sovereign power, which in America today consists of the evangelical churches in the small communities, the proletarian masses in the cities, and the organized smaller business men everywhere. The Baptist and Methodist sects, the city mobs, and the Chamber of Commerce are in power. They are the villains of the piece. Mr. Mencken does not argue with them. He lays violent hands upon them in the conviction, probably correct, that you accomplish results quicker by making your opponent's back teeth rattle than by laboriously addressing his reason. Mr. Mencken, moreover, being an old newspaper man, has rather strong notions about the capacity of mankind to reason. He knows that the established scheme is not supported by reason but by prejudice, prestige, and reverence, and that a good joke is more devastating than a sound argument. He is an eminently practical journalist, and so he devotes himself to dogmatic and explosive vituperation. The effect is a massacre of sacred

*Notes on Democracy. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

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cows, a holocaust of idols, and the poor boobs are no longer on their knees.

Mr. Mencken is so effective just because his appeal is not from mind to mind but from viscera to viscera. If you analyze his arguments you destroy their effect. You cannot take them in detail and examine their implications. You have to judge him totally, roughly, approximately, without definition, as you would a barrage of artillery, for the general destruction rather than for the accuracy of the individual shots. He presents an experience, and if he gets you, he gets you not by reasoned conviction, but by a conversion which you may or may not be able to dress up later as a philosophy. If he succeeds with you, he implants in you a sense of sin, and then he revives you with grace, and disposes you to a new pride in excellence and in a non-gregarious excellence.

One example will show what happens if you pause to analyze his ideas. The thesis of this whole book is that we must cease to be governed by "the inferior four-fifths of mankind." Here surely is a concept which a thinker would have paused to define. Mr. Mencken never does define it, and what is more, he quite evidently has no clear idea of what he means. Sometimes he seems to think that the difference between the inferior four-fifths and the superior one-fifth is the difference between the "haves" and the "have nots." At other times he seems to think it is the difference between the swells and the nobodies, between the wellborn and those who come "out of the gutter." At other times he abandons these worldly distinctions and talks and thinks about "free spirits," a spiritual elite, who have no relation either to income or to a family tree. This vagueness as to whether the superior one-fifth are the Prussian Junkers or the Pittsburgh millionaires, or the people who can appreciate Bach and Beethoven, persists throughout the book.

* * *

This confusion is due, I think, to the fact that he is an outraged sentimentalist. Fate and his own curiosity have made him a connoisseur of human ignorance. Most educated men are so preoccupied with what they conceive to be the best thought in the field of their interest, that they ignore the follies of uneducated men. A Jacques Loeb would spend very little of his time on biology as taught in an Oklahoma High School. Even William James, who was more interested in the common man than any great philosopher of our time, was looking always for grains of wisdom in the heaps of folly. But Mr. Mencken is overwhelmingly preoccupied with popular culture. He collects examples of it. He goes into a rage about it. He cares so much about it that he cannot detach himself from it. And he measures it not by relative standards, but by the standards which most educated men reserve for a culture of the first order. He succeeds, of course, in establishing a *reductio ad absurdum* of the shibboleths of liberals. That is worth doing. But it is well to know what you are doing, and when Mr. Mencken measures the culture of the mass by the cultural standards of the elite, he is not throwing any real light on the modern problem. He is merely smashing a delusion by means of an effective rhetorical device.

I doubt, however, if he is aware that he is using a rhetorical device. When he measures the popular culture by the standards of the elite, the humor is all on the surface. The undertone is earnest and intensely sincere. One feels that Mr. Mencken is deeply outraged because he does not live in a world where all men love truth and excellence and honor. I feel it because I detect in this book many signs of yearning for the good old days. When Mr. Mencken refers to feudalism, to kings, to the Prussian aristocracy, to any ordered society of the ancient régime, he adopts a different tone of voice. I don't mean to say that he talks like an *emigré* or like a writer for the *Action Française*, but it is evident to me that his revolt against modern democratic society exhausts his realism, and that the historic alternatives are touched for him with a romantic glamour. The older aristocratic societies exist only in his imagination; they are idealized sufficiently to inhibit that drastic plainness of perception which he applies to the democratic society all about him.

The chief weakness of the book, as a book of ideas, arises out of this naive contrast in Mr. Mencken's mind between the sordid reality he knows and the splendid society he imagines. He never seems to have grasped the truth that the thing he hates is the direct result of the thing he most admires. This modern democracy meddling in great affairs could not be what it is but for that freedom of thought which Mr. Mencken to his everlasting credit cares more about than about anything else. It is freedom of speech and freedom of thought which have made all questions popular questions. What sense is there then in shouting on one page for a party of "liberty," and on another bewailing the hideous consequences? The old aristocracies which Mr. Mencken admires did not delude themselves with any nonsense about liberty. They reserved what liberty there was for a privileged elite, knowing perfectly well that if you granted liberty to every one you would have sooner or later everything that Mr. Mencken deplores. But he seems to think that you can have a privileged, ordered, aristocratic society with complete liberty of speech. That is as thorough-going a piece of Utopian sentimentalism as anything could be. You might as well proclaim yourself a Roman Catholic and then ask that excerpts from the *American Mercury* and the works of Charles Darwin be read from the altar on the first Sunday of each month. If Mr. Mencken really wishes an aristocracy he will have to give up liberty as he understands it; and if he wishes liberty he will have to resign himself to hearing *homo boobiens* speak his mind.

* * *

What Mr. Mencken desires is in substance the distinction, the sense of honor, the chivalry, and the competence of an ideal aristocracy combined with the liberty of an ideal democracy. This is an excellent wish, but like most attempts to make the best of both worlds, it results in an evasion of the problem. The main difficulty in democratic society arises out of the increasing practice of liberty. The destruction of authority, of moral values, of cultural standards is the result of using the liberty which has been won during the last three or four centuries. Mr. Mencken is foremost among those who cry for more liberty, and who use that liberty to destroy what is left of the older tradition. I do not quarrel with him for that. But I am amazed that he does not see how fundamentally the spiritual disorder he fights against is the effect of that régime of liberty he fights for. Because he fails to see that, I think he claims too much when he says that he is engaged in a diagnosis of the democratic disease. He has merely described with great emphasis the awful pain it gives him.

In the net result these confusions of thought are a small matter. It is no crime not to be a philosopher. What Mr. Mencken has created is a personal force in American life which has an extraordinarily cleansing and vitalizing effect. How else can you explain the paradox of his popularity, and the certainty that before he dies he will find himself, like Bernard Shaw today, one of the grand old men, one of the beloved patriarchs of his time? How in this land where all politicians, pedagogues, peasants, etc. etc. are preposterous, has Henry L. Mencken, not yet aged fifty, become the pope of popes? The answer is that he has the gift of life. His humor is so full of animal well-being that he acts upon his public like an elixir. The wounds he inflicts heal quickly. His blows have the clean brutality of a natural phenomenon. They are directed by a warm and violent but an unusually healthy mind which is not divided, as most minds are, by envy and fear and ambition and anxiety. When you can explain the heightening effect of a spirited horse, of a swift athlete, of a dancer really in control of his own body, when you can explain why watching them you feel more alive yourself, you can explain the quality of his influence.

* * *

For this reason the Mencken manner can be parodied, but the effect is ludicrous when it is imitated. The same prejudices and the same tricks of phrase employed by others are usually cheap and often nasty. I never feel that in Mr. Mencken himself even when he calls quite harmless people cockroaches and lice. I do not care greatly for phrases like that. They seem to me like spitting on the carpet to emphasize an argument. They are signs that Mr. Mencken writes too much and has occasionally to reach for the effect without working for it. I think he is sometimes lazy, and when he is lazy he is often unfair, not in the grand manner but in the small manner. And yet his wounds are clean wounds and they do not fester. I know, because I have fragments of his shellfire in my own skin. The man is admirable. He writes terribly unjust tirades, and yet I know of nobody who writes for his living who will stay up so late or get up so early to untangle an injustice. He often violates not merely good taste according to the genteel tradition, but that superior kind of good taste according to which he refuses to hurt those who cannot defend themselves.

Nevertheless I feel certain that insofar as he has influenced the tone of public controversy he has elevated it. The Mencken attack is always a frontal attack. It is always explicit. The charge is all there. He does not leave the worst unsaid. He says it. And when you have encountered him, you do not have to wonder whether you are going to be stabbed in the back when you start to leave and are thinking of something else.

I have not written this as a eulogy, but as an explanation which to me at least answers the question why Henry L. Mencken is as popular as he is in a country in which he professes to dislike most of the population. I lay it to the subtle but none the less sure sense of those who read him that here is nothing sinister that smells of decay, but that on the contrary this Holy Terror from Baltimore is splendidly and exultantly and contagiously alive. He calls you a swine, and an imbecile, and he increases your will to live.

A Testy Mentor

ENGLAND. By WILLIAM RALPH INGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by C. K. OGDEN

IT is distressing that the country of Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley, of the Rev. John Donne and the Rev. T. R. Malthus, should not have produced a cleric of intellectual eminence for over a century. Englishmen are wont to rejoin that America is in the same plight, but if the impeachment be true our distress is only increased. For the Churches still apparently rule supreme, claiming that outside the Faith there are only a few old-fashioned materialists, and, with the banks, they certainly monopolize all the corner sites in every city and hamlet of the Empire.

More than this: they are secure in nearly all the sinecures and endowments of ten centuries, with libraries and leisure *ad lib*. Take the case of Dean Inge. For many years a Professor at Cambridge, and now a high metropolitan dignitary, he has studied and written what he chose. Now at the height of his fame he approaches what he describes as "the most difficult literary task I have ever undertaken," and the result could probably have been eclipsed from every point of view by at least a dozen journalists now in New York, not to mention the various authorities on whom he relies.

The book is divided into five chapters dealing with the land and its inhabitants, The Soul of England, Empire, Industrialism, and Democracy. In an Epilogue of twenty pages we are told that "in the next great war all who have anything to lose will lose it," but that even when the storm clouds are blackest the Dean is "never tempted to wish that he was other than an Englishman."

One of Dean Inge's chief plaints is that the successful—those who are sufficiently well known to be included in "Who's Who"—are not nearly keeping up their numbers. The Dean, we find, appears in "Who's Who." The present writer (whose number is certainly not up), though he may never so appear, especially if he imprudently elects to excoriate eminent Episcopalians, is tempted to reply that "Who's Who" doubles in bulk every little while, is chiefly filled with clerics and colonels, and what of it?

Turning to details, the Dean's account of the development of England and the growth of the Empire is largely based on opinions prevalent in the nineties, interspersed with oddities such as this: "Emerson, eighty years ago and recently Mr. Pryce Collier, have expressed the opinion that the English are heavier than the Americans; but this I cannot believe." On the other hand, after a glance at some of those who belong not to what he calls the privileged classes but to the slum-dwellers, he remarks: "It is improbable that any such miserable specimens of humanity survived the rougher conditions of the Middle Ages." And here we get the first indication of the Dean's partiality to Birth Control. He detects an "intrinsic inferiority in the crowds of unwanted children who infest our great cities."

These inferior beings, whose unfitness and degeneracy are later manifest in "their reluctance to emigrate while our grateful country provides them with the means of leading a parasitic existence," breed too fast. They are actual or potential socialists, communists, syndicalists and so forth—"the

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worst scourge of Europe." Far, then, from representing a new religious radicalism sympathetic to the victims of those philoprogenitive optimists, the Victorian Christians, and prepared to educate them to control their destiny by controlling their numbers, he is revealed as merely one more testy Malthusiast.

He actually asserts that serious opposition to Birth Control comes from "the Socialists, who are violently antagonistic to any cause of action which would diminish human misery." His understanding of the things he dislikes may be judged by the extraordinary statement that the Social Democratic Federation "is not a class organization, and its declarations have usually been temperate." Foreman Hyndman, Middleman—what an epitaph! And just who is "Vincent St. John, the leading American Syndicalist," who is quoted along with Sorel and other "advocates of a religion of hatred, cruelty, and misery"? The Gospel according to St. John runs: "The question of right or wrong does not concern us," from which we infer that he had either been reading Nietzsche or Viscount Wolseley's "Soldier's Manual." We are, however, now prepared to hear that "the whole Labor Party, held together by iron discipline, is pledged to schemes of wholesale confiscation;" to find citations and references to Sombach (for Sombart), J. C. Hammond, and so forth. In the Bibliography appears a work by Beck, though Beer is given elsewhere, and the Pryce Collier of the text becomes Price.

American readers will be relieved to learn that George III "while he kept his reason was a much abler man than is usually supposed." And "of our own beloved sovereign it is enough to say that throughout his sadly troubled reign he has so borne himself that in England, alone among nations which still preserve the old form of constitution, there is no anti-monarchical party worth mentioning." Enough, certainly. But the Dean inadvertently goes on to explain that in an hereditary monarchy "the chances are enormously against the sovereign being a man of outstanding ability." And this after he has carefully appraised the latest biographies of Queen Victoria: "Enough indiscretions have been committed to impair the confidence which is still placed in constitutional monarchy. It appears, etc."

In view of all his talk about a purified Christianity, it is striking to find this representative of Christ on earth indulging in all those petulant expressions of a narrow nationalism which the press is only too ready to twist and exaggerate if occasion arises. Thus, as regards America, we read of the "affronts and injuries" which England has put up with; the "bloated prosperity and airs of superiority" of Shylock, etc. No wonder many educated Englishmen feel that the Dean may be right that "there has seldom been any strong anti-clerical feeling" in England, but are wondering whether it is not time that something was done to remedy this national defect. For the most powerful reply to such an exhibition would be the demonstration that most of the ills from which England is suffering are due primarily to the body whose ablest intellect can thus debase itself.

Nevertheless there are those who regard Dean Inge as the herald of a new gospel, the scourge of a foolish and a degenerate age. His sincerity and his personal charm have won him many disciples, quite apart from his reputation as a scholar and a far-sighted epigrammatist. It must, however, be the hope of the English speaking world that our mentor will not add to his reputation as a prophet by this his latest testament.

Thirty to Sixty

(*Continued from page* 413)

from puritanical reticence to its opposite. And they write for each other.

It is therefore needless to view with alarm every indecent book as a proof that our youth is going to the devil, or can go easily if it wants to. Even if the book is about youth, and even if it is damnable, it will probably be some goat, not some lamb, who will be put in jeopardy. "Frank" literature, as it is written today, does not much interest the young. And since it is so probable that mature persons have written the books that violate the proprieties we need not let our fear lest youth is corrupted prevent us from giving credit for the new fields of important experience covered by the sex extensions of modern literature. We can become more tolerant of originality, while holding the middle-aged responsible for their own pet vices of parastical lasciviousness.

Washington the Man

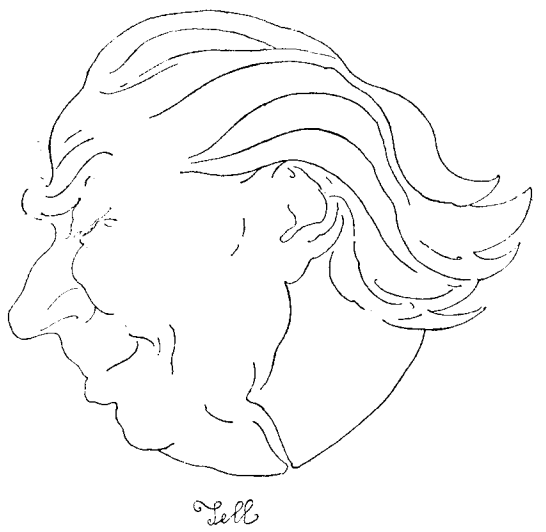
GEORGE WASHINGTON. The Image and the Man. By W. E. Woodward. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $4.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. The Human Being and the Hero. 1732-1762. By Rupert Hughes. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THERE is a striking contrast between the course which biography has taken with Lincoln and that which it has pursued with Washington. Lincoln at first suffered from depreciatory writers, who gave undue emphasis to his uncouth and ungirt traits. Lamon's life in 1872 was so slighting and unfair in tone that the first volume proved enough for the public, and a second never appeared. The biography by Herndon and Weik in the eighties magnified Lincoln's early crudeness, laid emphasis upon his faults, and showed no comprehension of his real greatness. Not till Nicolay and Hay published their ten volumes in 1890, and John T. Morse his briefer interpretation in 1893, did the American people have means for accurately appraising the great emancipator. Then followed a series of estimates or biographies by Carl Schurz, Ida Tarbell, Lord Charnwood, and others which have, in the opinion of some students, made Lincoln all too perfect a man, too exalted a leader.

Washington's fate has been precisely the reverse. His first biographers, from John Marshall and Washington Irving down to Henry Cabot Lodge in 1889, presented him as a being of superhuman virtues and abilities. He was all but defied by such writers as Everett and Sparks. Lodge declared that as a result of many years of study he had concluded



Lord Oxford and Asquith. From "A Rude Book," by Tell (Edwin Valentine Mitchell)

that Washington's virtues were almost unstained by any fault. A reaction was inevitable, and it is now bringing us a crop of volumes in which Washington is measured with critical eye, no error extentuated, and no foible concealed.

We do not need new biographies to prove to us that Washington was human. Despite Parson Weems, despite Jared Sparks, that fact has always been known to historical students. It is now thirty years since Paul Leicester Ford assembled in "The True George Washington" evidence that the Pater Patriæ was very human indeed, and inasmuch as his book has run through twenty editions, his data should have made a considerable impression upon the public mind. Nor is it data which it would be hard to find in other works and in the original sources. There is no excuse for not knowing that Washington bought, bred, and sold slaves; that he loved to dance and go fox-hunting; that he was a good one-bottle man, drank flip, toddy, and juleps appreciatively, and ran a distilery of his own; that he played cards for money; that he seldom went to church—fifteen times a year would seem a good average; that he wrote letters and transacted business on the Sabbath; that he was irascible, and could swear violently; that he could enjoy a smutty joke; and that he never learned to spell correctly. Everyone who is interested could learn that Washington used patent medicines; that he wore false teeth made of hippopotamus ivory; and that he liked to make a dollar go far in other ways than by throwing it across the Potomac. It has long been known, also, that he was a man of susceptible heart. His acrostic poem to Frances Alexander, his sighings over the "Lowland beauty," and his liking for the married Sally Fairfax, are familiar material. It is impossible to startle any historian with the statement that Martha Washington, though plump and attractive, was hot-tempered, obstinate, illiterate, and of rather limited intelligence; or that George Washington had thought a good deal about her wealth before he proposed to her.

* * *

Both these volumes, fortunately, are much more than a superficial *rechauffé* of such facts, and are far from being mere essays in iconoclasm. They are the products of considerable research, Mr. Woodward stating that he has spent six years in labor upon the subject, and Mr. Hughes professing a student's interest in Washington that extends back over a quarter of a century. Both men are amateurs in historiography. But they have the compensating advantage of a fresh outlook, and of an unwillingness to accept any statement or theory, however sanctioned by authority, without the keenest scrutiny. Mr. Hughes undertakes to rewrite a great part of the history of the French and Indian War, upsetting conventional views, and in especial defending Braddock against his assailants. Mr. Woodward shows equal boldness in his treatment of the strategy of the Revolution, not hesitating to affirm that Washington was fundamentally mistaken in his generalship. Both deal with Washington's intellectual processes, his motives and his aims, in a spirit of scientific realism. This rational inquisitiveness, this zeal for truth, leads them—with refreshing results—to shoulder some distinguished historians brusquely aside. Mr. Woodward correctly remarks that Fiske "starts out with too many unquestioning assumptions as to the purity of the patriots and the greatness of George Washington," and that Lodge "is not sincere; he avoids telling the truth, when possible, whenever the truth would be damaging to his heroes."

Mr. Woodward's volume has two great merits. From it there does emerge, despite many careless, blurred, or sometimes even inaccurate strokes, a vivid and faithful impression of Washington as a living man. We see him as a gangling boy, inclined to "show off' his knowledge of surveying before strangers, fond of romping with the girls, and precocious in his appetite for land. Later we meet him as the green young commander, dreaming of impossible exploits against the French, mismanaging nearly everything, losing his force at Fort Necessity by a stupid blunder, and coming home to find himself unaccountably a hero, with a London reputation. We see him in Braddock's camp, very much on his dignity as a colonel, very cocksure, hardworking, and conscientious, and contributing materially by his bad advice to Braddock's defeat. Mr. Woodward deals at excessive length, with too many gratuitous inferences, with Washington's love affairs. But his study of the young man's self-conscious flounderings, of his excessive respect for young women and his incapacity for anything but elephantine gallantry, does make Washington definitely more real in our eyes. He shows us Washington entering, just after marriage, upon his life as planter; "a tall, large-jointed man, with a pock-marked face, and icy cold blue eyes," concerned with the prices of corn, the meanness of tenants, and Mrs. Washington's attack of measles. Thus we go on to the end, with Dr. Craik bleeding him in the four-poster bed at Mount Vernon.

* * *

The other essential merit of the volume is its graphic, informative, and veracious sketches of colonial conditions, material, intellectual, and moral. Mr. Woodward has not a trace of the filiopietistic spirit. He tells the rough, naked truth about these dim forefathers as he has ascertained it. If anything, he is somewhat too harsh, and he is certainly a little too fond of strong colors. In his estimate of the Puritans he overaccents their grimness, narrowness, and brutality. He is addicted to digressions of a semi-sensational character, and gives a wholly disproportionate space to such subjects as bundling and Indian tortures, simply because their lurid hues attract him. But if his picture of colonial society lacks finish and perspective, it is accurate in outline and vividly animated. It was not, as he says, a society of mahogany, silver, brocade, and golden candlelight falling on courtly posturings. "The average colonial American was a wiry farmer with an ignorant mind and a tough hide,

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living on an impassable road, and existing on rough food, hard work, and an urgent spirit of self-reliance." Mr. Woodward emphasizes the marked social stratification of that day, the cleavage between the gentry and the mob. He is aware of the fact that a primitive life, such as the frontiersmen lived, is a very complicated life. Repeatedly he shows his ability to summarize some of these complications in a single pregnant paragraph:

> Great families of strapping boys and husky wenches, quickly outgrowing their clothes, and passing them on to new and lesser waves of progeny. Desultory reading, writing, and ciphering. Huge appetites. Red apples. Hard cider. Tame wolves. Foot-races and athletic games. Religious conversion. Bear traps. The hottest peach brandy in the world. Hymns bawled. Country frolics. Bastards. Shotguns. The air was full of quarreling and laughing, of praying and fighting, of loving and drinking.

* * *

Till the last of its 460 pages the volume remains engrossing, with much vivid writing and many shrewd judgments. Unfortunately, at the commencement of the Revolution Washington the man begins to fade from the picture. Mr. Woodward takes up the political and military history of the time, and goes into each with great detail; and his exposition, however profitable to the ordinary reader, will seem to the historical student a little elementary. As a biography, moreover, the book is rather badly proportioned. Lodge gave almost half his work—almost the whole second volume—to Washington's career after 1789. Mr. Woodward gives it about thirty pages, and offers an utterly inadequate sketch of the eight years in the Presidential chair. With many of Mr. Woodward's military judgments the student of strategy will be inclined to disagree. He follows Charles Francis Adams in asserting that the Americans would have done well, in 1776, to do what the Boers did in 1897; that is, to fight in irregular bands, such as Marion and Sumter formed in South Carolina, and harry the enemy by a partisan warfare rather than to attempt to defeat him in pitched battles. It may be commented that Washington won his war, while Botha lost. Mr. Woodward is unable to understand why both the British and Americans placed so much value upon the line of the Hudson. But both of them knew that the New England States were the chief source of provisions, men, and fighting spirit for the Revolutionary cause, and that to cut them off would strike the cause a fatal blow.

* * *

Mr. Hughes is content, in 500 pages, to deal with the first thirty years of Washington's life. His volume, much more thoroughly and carefully documented than Mr. Woodward's, is the fullest collection of facts upon these thirty years which we possess. It carries the hero through childhood and youth, through his early commands and his share in Braddock's ill-fated expedition, through all his love affairs and his marriage with Mrs. Custis, to that interlude of peaceful life as a Virginia planter which preceded the Revolutionary storm. Once more we have a book which can fairly be called engrossing. There does not emerge from it, howeverever, so clear and lifelike an impression of Washington's personality; while again and again it challenges dissent by its interpretations of his actions, and its view of the political and military operations of the time. Even more than Mr. Woodward, Mr. Hughes seems to lay exaggerated emphasis upon Washington's relations with Mrs. Sally Fairfax. It is quite possible that his heart was by no means so fully engaged as they assume. The author's warm championship of Braddock is an engaging feature of the volume, and he performs a valuable service in correcting the popular impression that this was a defeat into which a mule-headed British martinet blundered, against the advice of wise Americans, and from which American bravery extricated the terrorized redcoats. The facts are that Braddock showed much sound sense, that the colonials were as blameworthy for the disaster as the British, and that after the fight (which was not a surprise ambush) began, many provincial troops behaved no better than the regulars. But here and elsewhere Mr. Hughes pursues his unconventional thesis too far, and lays himself open to criticism.

One fact should be noted in conclusion. It is regrettable that two novelists of experience, who can fairly be called men of letters, should take so little pains in writing these important volumes, to achieve a reasonably dignified, accurate and polished style.

A Doctor's View

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE. By JOSEPH COLLINS. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $3.00.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

DR. COLLINS'S titles to his earlier collections of essays ("The Doctor Looks at Literature," "Taking the Literary Pulse") have seemed to assume that there was such a thing as a medical view of literature. Perhaps there is. Perhaps there is such a thing as a literary view of medicine. But there is also an antecedent doubt about the value in either of them. There have been men of letters who have attempted to deliver oracles on medical matters—oracles more noisy than useful. There have been lawyers and theologians, as well as doctors, who have been men of letters. But neither the legal nor the theological view of letters is an attractive or suggestive caption. The "Religio Medici" had little if anything to do with the physician and everything to do with Sir Thomas Browne. However, the title here is "The Doctor Looks at Love and Life." Why not forget the author's adventures in literature with the advent of a more hopeful heading?

The hope is not woolly disappointed. Part I, On Love, is concerned with sex questions as Dr. Collins has met them professionally, and he seems to write with that weight of temperate wisdom which is the fruit of wide knowledge and the specialized experience of a lifetime. Part II, On Life ventures into politics, sociology, and (again) literature.

Why does one grow more emphatic and incautious as one's competence grows less? To bid a cobbler always stick to his last is a maxim too austere, but if he is to talk of carpentry ought he not be moderately morest? How does one whose profession demands accurate knowledge and tempered judgment cometo assume that there is no demand for either in questions social and political, literary and biographic? Why assume authority where he has no authority?

In the essay that arraigns America as a case of "adult infantilism," he has in mind various phenomena often described and commented on, and sometimes with a diagnosis as journalistic as this. "Adult infantilism," I suppose, is a term in pathology, with a more or less technical and precise meaning. But spread out over a nation it becomes wild and misleading. Boyishness carried into manhod is not necessarily pathological. The best men are apt to carry a good deal of childhood into old age. "Our (American) impulsiveness, our egregious hospitality, are all hangovers from childhood." Maybe they are. So are the shapes of our noses and the color of our eyes. Such characteristics are no more infantile than adult. The man who wrote, "We are but children of a larger growth," was not speaking of Americans, nor unaware that it was a half truth only, the reflex of an immediate mood. Were Wordsworth's intimations of immortality Freudian complexes instead of trailing clouds of glory? Must we suffer a relapse into "adult infantilism" before we are fit to enter the kingdom of heaven? (Vide Luke 18, 17). Dr. Collins seems as unreserved and absolute for a half truth as for a platitude.

> Adult infantilism accounts for the self satisfaction with which we hold aloof from the affairs of the other nations, and for that self esteem which leads us to believe in the superiority of our institutions and the righteousness of our conduct. It is the basis of our determination to regulate man's conduct by legislation—to say what he shall not teach and what he shall not drink. We have more colleges and universities than any country of the world, and yet we are the worst educated, the least cultured. We have more churches, chapels, and civic centers than any country of Europe, yet we are swayed by religious prejudices that transcends the understanding of Europeans. We have a climate that has no equal, yet we flee from it as though its atmosphere were mephetic.

Every one of these assertions is an intellectual mess. Americans have no more national self esteem than Frenchmen, or Italians, or Germans—at least before the war—or Englishmen, though they are apt to be more reserved in its expression. All nations have it and there is no way of measuring it. It is as easily proved a virtue as a vice. Nor is our conduct more regulated on the whole than elsewhere, in spite of ill-regulated attempts to regulate, and all the rubbish that is printed about the matter. Freedom of teaching, along with other phases of obscurantism, is a live question in all civilized countries; prohibition in many of them. Are we worse educated than Tibet or Senegambia? Presumably Dr. Collins does not mean that, he only says it. Churches and chapels are not institutions for the abolition or mitigation of religious prejudice, and Europeans are too well acquainted with their own forms of it to let their understandings be so easily transcended. There are, or apparently are, more churches and chapels per population in most European countries than here. What are "civic centers"? We have half a dozen different climates, none of them indisputably good, but most of us stay at home reasonably contented with our own.

There is a point to be made behind all this, but Dr. Collins has made nonsense of it. One could construct, on the evidence of this essay, a better case for the adult infantilism characteristically American perhaps of the author, than he has made out for even the late venerable infant, William Jennings Bryan. One could argue as plausibly for the adult infantilism of people steeped in centuries of experience, like the Italians. And all these arguments come to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

The essay called "Do Characters in Fiction Behave Like Human Beings?"—the only one on literature—begins with some general statements about the history of the Romantic Movement, among them these: "We have had no great flood since the end of the eighteenth century. 'Götz,' a dramatized romance of chivalry, by Germany's greatest poet, was one of its own swan songs. The romantic movement did not reach flood tide in this country until early in the nineteenth century."

This can only be a medical point of view in the sense of an example of what may happen to a man who is off his beat and too courageous in the unknown. The usual literary view is that "Götz von Berlichingen" came at the beginning, not the end, of the German Romantic Movement; that the flood tide in Europe, if there was any such thing, was in the nineteenth, not the eighteenth century (probably the phrase would look to the era of Byron and Scott, of Novalis and the Knaben Wunderhoren, of Chateaubriand and Hugo's early dramas); that there was no flood tide of literature in this country of any kind in the early years of the nineteenth century.

But mainly this essay consists of Dr. Collins's reactions to a large selection of current novels, and these reactions are interesting. It is a pleasure to quote on a weak point in the psychological novel and the values of objectivity in fiction so shrewd a bit of criticism as this:

> Our novel writing psychologists often handicap themselves tremendously, and render us a disservice by depending for knowledge upon self-observation. It is from observation of others and reflection upon it that one learns about human beings. One reason for Sinclair Lewis's deserved popularity is that he has a keen vision for the behavior of others and a blind spot for his own.

But here again we are "up against" Dr. Collins's indiscriminate language. He cannot mean that one never learns anything about human beings by self-observation, but he seems to say so. He does not mean by Mr. Lewis's "behavior" darkly to hint at misbehaviors of Mr. Lewis's unconscious personal delinquencies. He means something to the effect that Mr. Lewis is unaware that the glasses through which he observes so keenly are not clear but discolored; though the presumption is that he knows no more than I do whether Mr. Lewis is aware or not aware, of his somewhat jaundiced vision.

Dr. Collins's ability to be pungent and entertaining, and to write good English, is a valuable asset. There is no peril in good English, but there is in pungency. And there seems peril to a doctor looking abroad on society and literature that he will read too much pathology into their varied peculiarities.

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History of the Screen

A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS. By TERRY RAMSAYE. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1926. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by JIM TULLY
Author of "Jarnegan"

AS the first complete source book on the motion picture, this history has immense value. It is a badly written record of the tawdriest and the most fascinating business in the world. Some idea of the quality of the writing may easily be magined when it is remembered that many of the chapters were first published by that Mencken of the morons, James Quirk, editor of *Photoplay Magazine*.

With none of the gifts of the writer, and with no sense of drama, Ramsaye has nevertheless compiled enough data to entitle him to the honor of being the first authentic film historian. An ex-writer of publicity for screen celebrities, he carries the vices of that unhappy trade into his work. It is too laudatory where it should be calm. It is verbose. His first five chapters could be condensed into one. Chapter Three begins:

> We are come now down the path of many years until we stand at the threshold of the House of the Wizard. It is a place deep with awsome mystery and legends of Magic. It is said that strange deeds are done here at strange hours. Here weird lights and men toil like gnomes in their cave of the night while God-fearing people are asleep. . . .

Only a screen critic or a motion picture producer would be enthralled by such writing. Mr. Ramsaye's first volume is as dull as a film version of the life of Longfellow. And yet the subject is so mightily entrancing that one's heart aches for a Macaulay to write of it.

* * *

The history of films is an epic of mediocrity. Much criticism has been leveled against the domination of films by the Jews. Yet I have always found them more open and kindly toward anything of genuine merit than any other of the sad races in Hollywood. It is true, they want "box-office attractions"—but from somewhere out of the dim centuries they have garnered more emotion and more deep feeling than any other race. The Jewish race is the only one I have found in Hollywood who will be tolerant of an honest opinion. After I had written a novel of defiance they greeted me with smiles, while enthusiastic players on all American Elevens of "Yes men" were bitter with denunciations.

Being Irish born—I would shudder if the Irish were to dominate pictures. It must always be remembered that a Jew is in back of every fine screen achievement in America. Being natural gamblers, they will take more chances on things artistic appealing to the great American mob than will any other race. The leading producers have come from the ranks of glove-makers, clothiers, and what have you. But as my teachers told me during my faraway religious days—the Twelve Apostles were recruited from a very ordinary crowd.

There has existed in Eastern centres of pseudo-culture, a feeling that all motion picture people are three degrees below morons. Indeed, it would not surprise me a great deal if film people were not soon admitted to the best circles in New York. They may even follow the dark gentry of Harlem in becoming a great fad.

* * *

In conversation with Mencken a week ago that shrewd observer said, "As a matter of fact, I have met some very civilized people among them." The great critic's heart is as big as mankind. While the littler people trailed across the country and returned to their own narrow grooves in New York, writing their shallow views, Mencken saw culture and admitted it. It is true that he long had a phobia against pictures himself. The bars of his magazine were always up against film people. Alas—he let them down once—and the romantic Hergesheimer sold him an article on one of the Gish girls. It was a cruel trick for an author to play on a friend. Even at that time I was trying to interest Mr. Mencken in such a vast and dominating personality as von Stroheim. But Mencken would have none of him. *Vanity Fair* opened its pages to me.

Ramsaye's chief weakness is—he does not live up to the catch phrases of his foreword—because of, possibly among other things, a certain fear. All through this work there is evidence of the publicity man. Honesty is a hard road for a man who deals with living personalities. And then again, in spite of the author's long contact with films, he is quite human. Many living men in the book have ingratiated themselves in his favor. Mr. Ramsaye finds it hard to say that Edison had not quite the vision many thought he had.

There are thousands of words in the first volume, which are aimed at one Eadweard Muybridge, who, whether accidental or not, was one of the pioneers in bringing motion to the camera. He was possibly an ordinary man, though his photograph in the volume would indicate a very remarkable fellow. He has a Whitman and Christ-blended face. He had committed a murder during the hot years. His wife had been unfaithful. He had killed her paramour. We are given a full page of a California daily paper which tells of his acquittal. Weird indeed are the workings of the human mind. Mr. Ramsaye seems to have an indefinable malice against poor Muybridge. His crime had nothing to do with his connection with a camera. His importance in the history does not justify the space he is given. But Mr. Ramsaye brings him back to us—very much alive—the one piece of character drawing in the book. I wish that Mr. Ramsaye had felt more malicious against many other ciphers in his arithmetic of the films.

As from the very beginning nearly every person first connected with the films has been a second-class accident of destiny, it would require the pity and irony of Anatole France to write of them. It is a sad profession of shadows. Even now—many of its leading people are as primitive as Attila the Hun. This would be magnificent—if they did not try to be "artists." So far as an intellectual and artistic background is concerned, it is a business in which nearly every high class man fails.

An inarticulate, almost stolid man like King Vidor is listed among the great directors. It is said that he will read no book that has not "action." Many other directors do not read at all. And yet, the very force, the very primitive way they have of lookinig at life enables them to make pictures that please multitudes who are little above them mentally. Their salaries for so doing range from fifty to several hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

A contradictory business—it cannot be defined. It is the harbor of literary failures . . . of hacks who still retain a thin veneer of academic varnish. There are young maidens in Hollywood who talk glibly of Schnitzler. Fresh from interior meadows they have not yet outgrown Harold Bell Wright. All these things are charming, amusing, and lovely. Mr. Ramsaye does not catch them for his history. I think that a background for a history is essential. Hannibal's death by poison at seventy would not have the right proportion of drama had he not vowed at nine years of age to wage "eternal warfare against Rome."

But, as I have said before, certain portions of Mr. Ramsaye's work ran in *Photoplay Magazine*. Intelligent people, however, will find it valuable as a source book. Real histories will come later—interwoven with the lives of strong personalities whose stories are yet to be written.

American Drama

THREE AMERICAN PLAYS. By MAXWELL ANDERSON AND LAURENCE STALLINGS. New York: Harcourt Brace & Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by HULBERT FOOTNER

TO be read in solitude and quiet is a hard test on a play, and by no means a fair one. It is no test at all of its acting value. But acting vaue is not everything. We have too many plays that act well, and leave a flat taste in the mind upon leaving the theatre. Therefore it is well that plays should be printed. Plays are hard to read. Unless the stage directions are elaborate and cunning (as in Shaw's plays) one cannot expect to get more than about fifty per cent from the printed page. It requires flesh and blood actors, with graceful bodies, warm voices, and expressive faces to furnish the balance. On this account it is doubtful if the great public can ever be persuaded to read plays. But those having the slightest professional interest in the theatre will read them. In cold print the soldier qualities become apparent. The published play will foster and consolidate the reputation of a real playwright, and demolish the pretensions of a showy fakir. Thus one hopes that the quality of our plays may gradually improve.

The three plays under consideration read surprisingly well. Had they never been printed one might not have guessed that they possessed so much style. I do not mean "literary quality," that bugbear of the stage, but real native style, the most delightful thing on the stage or anywhere else. This in spite of the fact that the stage directions are meager, careless, and in some cases downright misleading. For instance; in "What Price Glory," our old friend Captain Flagg is introduced as "a fine, magnificently-endowed man." I rubbed my eyes here. That was hardly as I remembered him on the stage, or as I found him in the printed page. Possibly the authors intended this note to be taken ironically. Charmaine is described simply as "a drab," which seems a little inadequate. Again, the Apothecary's Mate who is introduced as "a pink-faced kid . . . horribly callous, is the one who, a page or two later, gets off those arresting remarks about the human soul. The second play, "First Flight" ends with this cynical direction: "Jackson: *(Who hasn't the nerve to take the girl, and who therefor mouths a moral sentiment as an excuse for running away)*. Youngsters do act thus, of course, but one's sympathies have been so actively engaged on behalf of the gallant sprig, Captain Andy Jackson, that this comes like a cold douche as the final curtain falls. If a taste for reading plays is to be inculcated, more thought must be spent on the stage directions.

* * *

However thereis nothing careless about the dialogue. Dialogue is the hardest thing in the world to write; and this is nervous, brilliant, and beautiful dialogue. I use beautiful advisedly; and in that connection I am thinking chiefly of the rough soldier talk in "What Price Glory?" which created such a to-do when the play was produced. There is all the difference in the world between common slang and stylish slang, though exactly the same phrases and words may be used. It all depends on how they are used. This soldier talk exactly conveys the illusion of life, but it is by no means phonographic; a cunning selection and arrangement has been exercised. That's where the element of beauty enters.

The same in "First Flight." Here it is the speech of Carolinians about 1790 that is conveyed. I do not know if that is the way they talked then; but the illusion is perfectly satisfactory. Here, in quite another *milieu* are exhibited the same qualities of naturalness and style.

The third play, "The Buccaneer" is a slighter affair, a sort of *jeu d'esprit*, highly picturesque and amusing. The first act is reminiscent of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." There is little attempt to reproduce the speech and character of the seventeenth century. When Charles II comes on, it descends into positive extravaganza—but why not? It is extravaganza in a good style. As I remember it, this play did not enjoy much success on the stage; nevertheless it is more amusing than many comedies which are packing the theatres nightly.

* * *

It is amusing to perceive that the themes of "What Price Glory?" and "First Flight" are identical, though the plays are so different. To quote the title of another play the theme is: "Love 'em and Leave 'em." In other words the delightfulness, and the essential unimportance of woman in a man's life. It is a jolly old doctrine, and vastly comforting to the male; but a little old-fashioned nowadays, and difficult to put in practice. The third play, "The Buccaneer," just escapes the same theme, due to the fact that the Lady Elizabeth Neville declines to be left at the final curtain.

In the case of a collaboration it is always tempting to speculate upon which contributed what part to the whole. Taking the other activities of Messrs. Stallings and Anderson into consideration, one may guess that generally speaking, the former contributed the raw material, which the latter shaped for the stage. Both must have helped to create the style. If this guess is correct, Mr. Anderson has exercised admirable restraint. The technique of the stage is never allowed to obtrude. All three of the plays are free of theatrical hokum.

In the past far too much importance has been attached to stage technique. "What Price Glory?" according to the rules, is a bad play. There is little dramatic progression; the situation remains about the same throughout. A bad play; but who cares, when it was absorbing to witness, and is scarcely less interesting to read? No new or profound depths in human nature are revealed; but it is fresh, living,

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and real throughout; it illustrates a point of view—and it has style! "First Flight" is better constructed, and was less successful. However, I doubt if technique had anything to do with it, one way or the other. "What Price Glory?" deals with first hand material, while "First Flight," of necessity, gets its stuff at one remove from actuality.

The Old Songs

READ 'EM AND WEEP, THE SONGS YOU FORGOT TO REMEMBER. By SIGMUND SPAETH. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by RANDALL THOMPSON

WITH a giant sabre as long as from 1755 to the death of Valentino, Mr. Spaeth has cleft open the large, heterogeneous mass of American popular songs. Admittedly he reveals only a cross-section, but along the walls of the rift that he has made one can trace quite clearly the multicolored procession of vocal efforts. And thanks to his master stroke we are not made to rehearse any but the best of the lot; and these are presented in a light-hearted, vigorously intelligent way.

Weep? Well, I do not say that hot tears quivered on my lower lids, ready to splash upon the notes if I read or sang another phrase. But my stern breast was moved to a variety of emotions, delectable and profound, and when at the end I was exhorted to look up the "latest hits," to read those and weep, I confess I obeyed to the letter. And why? Because in "Read 'em and Weep" I had just seen the great variety boiled down to make the relatively limited conventional song of today. Decade after decade had its popular formulæ, any one of which turns out to be inherently more interesting than our A-A-B-A convention, exemplified in the refrain of "The Birth of the Blues," or "Mountain Greenery."

Sweet are the uses of hokum, and after all not to be railed against, for the hokum of the old days is no less an index to the souls that have passed on to a better and a higher life than is the hokum of today a commentary on us. Such songs as "The Little Lost Child;" "Gold Will Buy 'Most Anything But a True Girl's Heart;" "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," reveal more vividly than many a history-book, how people felt or wanted to feel a generation or two ago; while such songs as "Flirting on the Ice," and "Twilight in the Park," both deliciously illustrated, truly depict the way one courted or wanted to court before Goldman's Band played in the Mall on summer nights.

What the humorous songs do not teach us about the wit of our forbears is probably best for us not to know, though it would make the editor's fortune if he published as many ribald verses as he boasts that he omits. (To read the book is to want to meet the editor in person.) Comic as the humorous numbers may be, without doubt those songs intended in their day to be the saddest will prove the most laughable of all,—"Just for the Sake of Our Daughter;" "If Jack Were Only Here;" "She is More to be Pitied than Censured;" "The Fatal Wedding," or:

> Take back your gold, for gold can never buy me;
> Take back your bribe and promise you'll be true;
> Give me the love, the love that you deny me;
> Make me your wife, that's all I ask of you.

"And a very modest request, when all is said and done."

There are songs for and against the saloon, which show what a burning question Liquor was until it was settled by Law: on the Dry side, "The Volunteer Organist;" "I'll be Home Tomorrow Night," and that wonderful "Somebody's Grandpa." And for the defence: "The Little Brown Jug;" "Champagne Charlie;" "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows;" "The Free-Lunch Cadets" (which Sousa admits he wrote); and a series of others, all having their grim and blasphemous parenthood in the bacchanalian hymn "To Anacreon in Heaven," a modified version of which now constitutes our National Anthem.

There are railroad songs, campaign songs, circus songs, coon songs, echo, dude, college, mother, and parody songs, and those that led imperceptibly into ragtime and thence into jazz. One sees the growth of the lantern-slide song, each line meriting illustration, and its effect on lyric-writing. One sees the arrival of inner rhymes, and the gradual approach of the modern phrase-making lyricist. What has become of all the other varieties of song—the campaign song, for instance? "The Sidewalks of New York" was revived; no new one was written. Where are the story-telling songs? "The Butcher, The Baker, The Candlestickmaker" is the only good one of late that comes to mind, while there are thousands of the phrasemaking variety, good sellers, but drenched in preciosity. Meantime rhythm and melody and modulation have notably advanced. It is easy to see why it was unnecessary to print the accompaniment to the old-fashioned tunes in Mr. Spaeth's collection: there is not one that runs into any key more than two or three steps from home.

Although in most cases the dates are given, the plan of the book, now chronological, now topical, renders it not always easy to ascertain when and where the songs came in. However, any slight defect is more than counterbalanced by the richness of material, the period illustrations charged with old-time sentiment and humor, and by Mr. Spaeth's running comments and footnotes, which display all the research one could desire, and a sense of humor such as one has not often the pleasure to meet.

Where Translation Faints

THE SONGS OF SAPPHO. Translated into Rimed Verse by MARION MILLS MILLER. Greek Texts Prepared and Annotated and Literally Translated in Prose by David M. Robinson. Lexington, Kentucky: The Maxwelton Company. 1925.

THE GREEK IDYLS: Pastorals, Songs, Mimes, Tales, Epigrams of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus. Rendered in Appropriate English Verse-Forms by MARION MILLS MILLER. The same. 1926.

Reviewed by PAUL SHOREY
University of Chicago

SAPPHO and Theocritus are not only bracketed by the coincidence of these two magnificent *éditions de luxe*. They are associated for the lovers of Greek poetry by the nameless charm which is perhaps the only real resemblance that links them across the gulf of four centuries. In Sappho's case analytic criticism is impotent. And the critic's only vent for his emotions is rhapsody, in which he can hardly hope to outbid the hyperboles of Swinburne or better the rhetoric of Symonds and Mackail. There is only one way to feel sincerely what they are trying to express. It is to know her verses by heart and in exalted moods to repeat them with just emphasis and rhythm:

asteres men amphi kalan selannan

when

> Trivia smiles amid the eternal nymphs
> That sow the gulf of heaven with starry light;
> . . . . *aithussomenōn de phullōn*
> *kōma katarrei*

when thinking of the ruscelletti del Casentino in Dante or falling asleep to clink of silver waters in a muse;

artiōs m' a chrūsopedillos Auōs

when morn comes furrowing all the orient into gold;

Hespere panta phereis

when the parting sun brings to mind the vain imitations of Byron, Campbell, Tennyson, and Ledwidge, as well as the only words that match Sappho's—

era già l'ora che volge il disio;
ēraman men ego sethen Atthi palai pata

when one sings "Lang, lang ist her" or recalls Ford's

> For he is like to something I remember
> A great while since, a long long time ago;

hoion to glukumālon

when trying to acquiesce in Rossetti's

> Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough;

ēros anggelos īmerophōnos aēdon

to restore the "power of the wing," to that tame villatic bird Ben Jonson's "Dear good angel of the Spring"

glukupikron amāchanon orpeton

when "Lyric Love, half angel and half bird" or Clärchen's song fails to satisfy;

phainetai moi kēnos isos theoisin

when Mr. Carl Sandburg blasphemes:

> I'm tellin' you,
> The man who trails along with you
> Is better off than the Governor of Idaho;

dedūke men ha selanna

when, in the "heure exquise, la lune blanche luit dans les bois," when the jingle of "Ah County Guy, the hour is nigh" cloys or the vaudeville rhapsode of the newest poetry debases the motive to the movie level, bawling "I'm all alone by the telephone waiting for the ting-a-ling-a-ling."

There are many reasons besides the natural curiosity to know what it is that provokes such ecstacies for the persistent interest of the public in Sappho and the everlasting murmur about her name. She is the supreme woman poet of the world. Her theme is the ever alluring topic of love. Her character was hotly debated by scurrilous Greek comedians and German *savants* in the U. S. And American scholars are still laying lance in rest, that is writing formidable essays, in defence of her good name. The papryi of Egypt have recently brought us additional fragments of verse that tell us more of her personality, her wayward brother, and her school of girls.

All these matters and much more the reader will find competently and exhaustively discussed in Professor Robinson's critical edition of the entire text with literal translation, commentary, and introduction.

But what of Dr. Miller's translation or rather paraphrase in verse? I have already put myself out of court as a reviewer and critic of that by acceptance of Swinburne's pronouncement, after many vain attempts, that no translation of Sappho is possible. So I can only say, as a Gallicism might put it, that Mr. Miller has done *his* possible, and the English reader, whom no one irreproduceable golden word "sweetly torments with invitations to its inaccessible home" is the only judge of the pleasure he finds in such verses as:

> A score of others, but the roll
> To readers would be dreary,
> One girl remains to vex my soul,
> Gorgo—she makes me weary.
> Though lovely as a swallow, she's
> A sparrow in her chatter,
> Fly home, O Pandion's daughter please,
> And plague papa with patter.

or

> Throned in splendour, beauteous maid of mighty
> Zeus, wile-weaving immortal Aphrodite,
> Smile again, thy frowning so affrays me
> Woe overweighs me.

These words were hardly written when there came to hand another complete Sappho *de luxe*, in the spicy and interesting series of Broadway translations. However it may be with other antiquarian and theological questions, the question of Sappho evidently *ne manque pas d'actualité*. The work this time is done by Mr. C. R. Haines, a competent British scholar who, a few years ago, translated "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" for the Loeb series, but now seems to have found metal more attractive on Broadway. A well-written introduction, telling all that is known and much that is guessed about Sappho, is followed by a complete, up-to-date text with critical notes, a translation into conventional and entirely respectable English verse, the various tributes to Sappho in later Greek and Latin literature, an essay on the metres of Sappho, a sufficient bibliography, and an exhaustive word-index. The paper, the binding and the twenty plates, comprising forty illustrations, are admirable. It is a handsome volume, creditable to both author and publishers.

Theocritus is far less baffling than Sappho. We have twenty or thirty complete poems of considerable length, and the matter itself, apart from the form and the music of the hexameter, gives, in Andrew Lang's admirable prose rendering, the same kind of pleasure that we take in the Lang, Leaf, and Myer's Iliad, in the Myer's Pindar, and in the King James Old Testament. Much of it makes pleasant reading in the excellent French translation recently published in the Budé series, especially "The Syracusan Women," which is known to English readers by the version in Matthew Arnold's essay, On Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment, and which, in the idiomatic French of Professor Legrand, is as racy as "Gyp." There is no lack of English verse translations. None would completely fill my ear unless written in hexameters, which it is agreed, are impossible except as a short-winded *tour de force*. But many readers enjoy Way and Calverley.

Theocritus in addition to the interest of his realistic mimes and dramatic monologues, if they may be so called, his epyllia, or little epics, and the epigrams attributed to him, is for us the originator of a false kind and the only poet to succeed in it. He is the Sicilian father of the rest—of the long line of pastoral poets that descends through Virgil and his imitators under the Empire to modern Latin verse, the Renaissance, and the various Popes and Gesners of the post-Renaissance centuries of a Latinized classicism.

In Theocritus himself the artificiality of the *genre* is not felt, or is felt only as a piquant charm. His shepherds may be slightly conventionalized, but they give the impression of reality and truth. And the setting, the descriptions, and the songs, bring to the pent-up modern city-dweller as they did to the citizens of Alexandria and Syracuse, that keener sense of delight in unspoiled nature and the simple life than any bucolic habitant can feel. They satisfy

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more than any other ancient poetry the sentimental nostalgia of the modern reader for the beautiful Greek and Sicilian world, which, so it seems to us, was wholly beautiful:

> In vain, in vain the years divide:
> Where Thamis rolls a murky tide
> I sit and fill my painful reams
> And see thee only in my dreams
> * * * *
> A dream of form in days of thought,
> A dream, a dream, Autonoe.

And so the lovers of Theocritus, like the lovers of Sappho, are driven to rhapsody. And as there is more that is definite to say, their rhapsodies in prose and verse are more intelligible to the uninitiated. Some of them are very good reading indeed, notably Andrew Lang's Epistle to Theocritus in his "Letters to Dead Authors," and his wistful "Ballade to Theocritus in Winter," Austin Dobson's villanelle "O singer of the field and fold," Morris Egan's sonnet, Trevelyan's prophecy in "Thamyris or the Future of Poetry" that it will rather resemble Theocritus, the judicious comment of Abercrombie in the "Idea of Great Poetry," the eloquent revelation of the real feelings of an educated modernist in Richard Aldington's "Theocritus in Capri"—not to speak of the long list of earlier admirers and imitators, recorded in Mr. R. T. Kerlin's "Theocritus in English Literature" and partly summarized in Professor Robinson's critical introduction to the present volume.

* * *

So the critics in prose and verse deliver themselves with such eloquence as is given them and such flourishes as their nature will. But the Hellenist can only say, with the old men in the Oedipus at Colonus,

> These things cannot be praised in words, good friend,
> But only in the life that knows and loves them.

The spell of Theocritus is fully felt only when his lines have become inseparably blended in memory with the beauty of the world that they interpret and of the literature that they have inspired. One must hear *hādu ti to psithurisma* and *allēloisi lalousi* in every whispering tree-top; one must have recited *mē moi gan Pelopos* in the theatre of Taormina or while walking up the valley of Lorna Doone; the sudden hush of noon, whether in nature or in Tennyson and Callimachus, must recall his shepherds who fear to sing lest they waken angry Pan; Lycidas, Adonis, and The Scholar Gypsy must come to us charged with memories of *ēnthon toi boutai* and *pharmakon ēlthe, Biōn* and *kai keinē Sikela;* the love plaint of all forsaken girls who bring beneath the midnight beside the summer sea the human heart in which no nightly calm can be must sum itself in Simætha's *ēnide sīgā men pontos;* when we are overcome by the pathos of the years that are no more and the flight of the irrevocable hours of Emerson's Scornful Day, we must think with Mrs. Browning of how Theocritus had sung of slow sweet hours after Homer and in anticipation of Spenser; Tennyson, all yearning for the loved one who comes at last, finds its definite utterance in *ēluthes o phile koure; Keats's* nightingale that will still sing on when we have become a sod means something more to him who hears it in the overtones of *aiai tai malachai* and the lines which Tennyson pronounced the most beautiful in Greek poetry. And when the bard of Chicago, hog-butcher o fthe world, proclaims that "the past is a bucket of ashes," the higher and truer faith needs no more confirmation than

> Not for us only, Nicias, as we dreamed,
> Child of whatever god was sweet love born;
> Not to us first has beauty beauty seemed—
> Heirs of a day that has no second morn.

That is the real Theocritus and not the veritist of Mr. Hamlin Garland's reprinted introduction to the first edition of Dr. Miller's essays in this kind. And if that is what the Hellenist actually feels about the Greek poets, some Hellenists should sometime find courage to say so in face of the myriad-voiced approval of the "modern note" of "real life" in Mr. Carl Sandburg's "Sappho," Mr. John Erskine's "Private Life of Helen of Troy," and in the flapper talk of Mr. Edward Lucas White's "Vestal Virgin." The scruple that it is tactless pedantry to taunt or tantalize the victims of a Greek-baiting pedagogy with their irreparable loss may be quieted by the reflection that it is the duty, as well as the right, of those who know to try to save the next generation of North American students from a like failure to make the better choice and a like deprivation.

> O settentrional vedovo sito
> Poichè privato sei di mirar quelle!

I have again disqualified myself to judge Dr. Miller's translation. His expansions and modernizations of Theocritean motives, his explanatory fulness and fluency, his varied measures, replacing the monotony of the hexameter, his rich rhyming and chiming, his colloquial audacities, his ingenious experiments, will doubtless give pleasure to many readers.

Some will prefer his more conventional verse as e. g., the song of the Spartan maids in The Bridal of Helen:

> Eight score in number, we;
> On not one body fair
> A blemish can you see;
> But, matched with Helen rare,
> Maid nearest in her beauty shows
> Like hedge bloom by a garden rose.
>
> As o'er the hills of Night
> Dawn leaps in beacon blaze;
> Or dances Springtime bright
> Adown the wintry ways;
> Doth Helen with grace supreme,
> And in her golden beauty gleam.

Others will delight in the licenses into which he has been lured by the exhortation of Mr. Hamlin Garland to "go much farther than he did in the use of a modern vernacular"—as, for example, in the note appended to "The Bridal of Helen:"

> Quite likely Menelaus snored,
> If so, it would excuse afford
> Helen with Paris to elope—
> Aha! at last the real dope.

The most pertinent comment on this and on occasional experiments in a similar vein throughout the translation, is the discreet letter of Professor Mackail to the Earl of Cromer on his translations from the Greek Anthology: "what I think one always feels about translations from the Greek at the present day is the extraordinary difficulty of retaining what, for want of a better word, may be called the dignity of the original." The noble author printed both this letter and his translations!

Ford Madox Ford
Drawn by Juan Gris

A Day in Four Lives

THE LAST DAY. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE central situation in this novel is so simple that it might be expressed in the question: will the heroine, or will she not, leave her husband to go off with the man with whom she professes to be in love? But this is as inadequate a summary of the tale as to say that it concerns itself with one particularly dramatic day in the lives of four people.

What Mrs. Seymour has done is to choose for her heroine a modern young woman, very alluring in person, capable of inspiring and experiencing deep emotion, and possessed of a well-trained mind that she delights to use. Hermy is the kind of woman who does not fall or happen into adultery, but walks in, if at all, quite consciously casting up the costs with the ecstacies. And so we see her throughout this last day of her holidays, balancing between husband and lover, secretly conscious of the fact that she wants both of them.

Henry James might have analyzed a much subtler character, but one would inevitably have questioned whether the character were as subtle as the analysis. Mrs. Seymour's probing is more direct. We wind through the doubts and fears, the realizations and appraisals with Hermy herself. And Hermy, though she sees herself as others see her, also sees herself as she really is.

To us every turn in this tortuous day of hers is clear as noon sunlight. Caught in the web of her own spinning, twisting to escape, recaught, attempting to reveal the truth as it is successively revealed to her, balked by fate, passion, and her own will, Hermy nevertheless contrives to be aware, sometimes even humorously and impersonally aware, of all that is happening. Her alert mind plays with her problem and conjures up not only revelatory glimpses of her real self, but the divergent images of herself reflected in the eyes of the two men who love her, the exquisite Hermy, fastidiously remote and inaccessible, the Hermy charred with longing who yields hungrily to the sweetness of stolen kisses. Watching her, we cannot but admire the deftness with which Mrs. Seymour has slowly revolved this many faceted situation before us so as to capture every changing glint of it.

The other people in the story are necessarily cast for secondary rôles. We participate to a certain extent in the problems of husband and lover, but, perhaps because we know Hermy so well, both Robert and Barry seem a little shadowy and provokingly obtuse. There is also a slight tendency to thinness and repetition in some of the episodes, for all that they offer a far richer content than the paucity of characters and the restriction in time might suggest. However, it is really only Hermy in whom we are interested, in her struggle between the complex physical and intellectual forces that war within her. And this struggle, in Mrs. Seymour's competent hands, assumes both dramatic intensity and extrinsic significance.

Full-Length Portraits

JOANNA GODDEN MARRIED and Other Stories. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.

"JOANNA GODDEN MARRIED," continues the tale of Joanna Godden, that strikingly independent Sussex woman who refused to marry the father of her child because he did not love her. "You're not man enough for me," she told Bert, and meant it. But after the birth of her child, she faces squarely for the first time the full bitterness of the situation—the loss of her sister's respect and good will, the parting from the land she has so long served and cherished, the humiliation of being the butt of the countryside gossips. Lonely and unhappy, she determines to seek spiritual rehabilitation in the purchase of another farm, and here we find her at the beginning of this new tale.

Measured in words, it is hardly a full-length novel, but measured in terms of its penetrating observation of human nature it is an admirably finished full-length portrait. Joanna's flourish in buying the new farm—paying more than its worth because it makes her feel rich and magnificent to do so; her efforts to bring up the wilful little Martin without a man to help, and the way the boy worsts her; the meeting with her sister Ellen, who reproaches her not because she has done wrong but because she has been found out; the visit to Bert in the hospital after his return from the front wounded and wanting her as a child wants its mother—simple, human, unemotional scenes they are for the most part, but each of them by its very spareness and restraint gives one the actual texture of Joanna's rugged forthrightness.

Several of the shorter stories in this generous volume worthily companion the titular novelette. "A Workingman's Wife" has something of the same quality and "Mrs. Adis," though less minutely seen, is forceful in its directness and simplicity. Best of all perhaps is a wholly different type of tale, "A Day in a Woman's Life." Here the author analyzes with delicate precision a single day in the life of a woman who has formed a *union libre*, from her agonized watching for the letter that does not come, through her meeting with the lover who has forgotten his engagement with her, to her final pitiful acceptance of his perfunctory apologies and caresses. The woman's vacillation between hopeful self-deception and an irresolute decision to let the man go; her recognition of the fact that he is evading her even when he is uttering the old words of endearment; her inability in the end to withstand her longing for him—every shifting light in Joyce's wretched day is caught and refracted as though by a prismatic crystal.

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Galahad the Illegitimate

GALAHAD. By JOHN ERSKINE. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER
Yale University

"You've no more heart than a fish," said Lancelot [to Guinevere]. . . . "If I weren't your father, I shouldn't have wasted so much breath on an impudent young fool," said Lancelot to Galahad. . . . "The kingdom, in my humble opinion, has gone to the dogs," said Arthur.

SUCH, reader, is the conversational tone of the Knights of the Table Round and the ladies of King Arthur's court as set forth in the latest embodiment of the legends. The Younger Generation shall have Galahad and Elaine brought up to date, so it shall, and Guinevere and Lancelot shall be planed down to democratic standards. They were perhaps not unlike the "Mr. and Mrs. ——," with whose domestic difficulties Mr. Briggs regales us weekly in the Sunday supplement—he, something of a dolt, she, something of a vixen, but human exceedingly, and as common as husbands and wives,—or lovers and mistresses.

Of course every era has treated the Arthurian myths exactly as it chose to do, without any antiquarian regard to folklore or the history of romance. Professor Erskine has but done what a score of distinguished predecessors have done in other ages. Thus, for example, Arthur has been at various times, a world-famous conqueror, spreading his conquests to the gates of Rome itself; later, a "very parfit, gentyl knight," the mirror of chivalry; then a magnanimous but deeply-wronged husband. As for Galahad, he is not the original knight of the Holy Grail, but a hero, devised, it would seem, by monks, to replace Sir Percival (or Parsifal) as a pure and single-minded knight worthy of his high quest. As a late-comer into the Arthurian cycle, Galahad has undergone fewer transformations of character than the rest, but there is no reason to suppose that, if he had appeared in as many romances as Arthur himself, he would not have undergone as many alterations. Each age puts its interpretation on the masterpieces of the past; and such work is not without significance as revealing the mind of the new age. Thus when Anatole France tells the story of the Magadalene or of St. Nicholas, the reader may find out nothing new about the history or character of the saint, but has certainly learned much about an age which has acclaimed such tales. What is it, we may well ask, about this modern spirit of ours, which drives us to represent King Arthur as a weary and cynical husband, with a doctrine of *laissez-faire* for his wife, and a final conviction that his court has throughout made too much "of the women"? Why are we amused by the picture of Elaine without her lilies and her barge, and why are we convinced that Lancelot could never have died "a holy man"?

Mr. Erskine's formula for the construction of one of these denatured romances is simple enough. One begins by casting out the supernatural and miraculous elements of the legend. All the trappings of knight-errantry are disregarded or smiled at. Antiquarianism, whether it concerns the representation of ancient manners, costumes, and ways of speech, or the attempt to understand the mediæval mind, is regarded as a waste of time. The contention sems to be that there *is no mediaeval point of view needed* to explain what happened, but only the behavior of human beings as we see them acting, loving, and suffering to-day. Having reduced the story to the bare outlines of plot, the narrator then applies to the framework such modern motives, characterizations, and "psychology" as may hold it all consistently together, without recourse to any special pleading regarding the Middle Ages with its dragons, its magic, its love-potions, enchanted castles, sorcerers, and what not. We know enough of the men and women about us to explain whatever is truthfully set down in legend regarding the heroes and heroines of romance. There is in it, you see, nothing of the antiquated historical novel; but, rather an eager desire to assert an eternal identity of motive and character. A similar conviction led us to have Hamlet acted in modern clothes. Such startling revisions may wound our susceptibilities and rouse our prejudices, but they express an odd sort of confidence in the vitality and permanence of the story concerned.

If it had not been for "Helen of Troy," this story would probably have been entitled "Guinevere." Guinevere is the leading character, and it is round the representation of her peculiar passions that the criticism of this book will rage. Nobody believes enough in Galahad, with his silver armor and his pure heart, to care whether the author understands his life or explains his reputation; but Guinevere, with her desire to impose her will upon the world by means of her lovers, is a much more "intriguing" person, to speak in modern slang. She is that type of female who believes it to be her peculiar gift to form and inspire the souls of men, and she is eternally on the watch for victims. She is the sort of woman to whom dutiful men dedicate books with the inscription, "To G——e, to whom I owe all that I am."

It is needless to labor this point when it is all stated by Lancelot in his confession to Brother Martin, which forms one of the most delightfully witty passages in a witty book:

Soon after their wedding, he [Arthur] said, he found out she had married him to reform him. He wouldn't have minded, he said, if he had had more leisure, but with the kingdom on his hands he was too busy to be reformed. Then he saw she had turned her attention to me [Lancelot], and, though it hurt him, yet there was something to be said for the arrangement.

Now Lancelot has his turn. He is prepared to be a "great lover," but discovers that his lady has a soul above mere adultery.

"I, too, have a conscience," she remarks to her man. "My one excuse is that through our love you became the best of living men—or so I thought."

Then come Lancelot's affair with the earlier Elaine and the birth of Galahad the Illegitimate.

"She was jealous of his mother and jealous of him, and angry at me," said Lancelot, "and it occurred to her to get the best of us all by making a masterpiece out of him. Before she got through, she loved him, I think."

Exactly. The irony of the whole situation is that, without the adultery, the scheme worked admirably. And the first result of Guinevere's idealism was to break down the boy's faith in his mother and father, and substitute herself and her theories as the inspiration of his life. Then she is obliged to reveal her own baseness, and the boy-knight, with his little world in ruins and his passion for the ideal still driving him, makes off into distant parts of the earth, there, presumably, to search for ever after some embodiment of that holiness which he had glimpsed. It is the Quest of the Holy Grail.

The author of "Actæon" is no cynic; the Centurion is no "spirit that denies." But he has lived long enough—among the young, I mean—to know that there is no easy prescription for the formation of character. And so he flings the psychologists and the ladies' clubs, with their chatter about "character-building," a paradox so vivid and so blasting, that even they can hardly miss it. Lancelot sinned with the first Elaine, and the result was Galahad and a life devoted to a search for "the holiest treasure in the world." Out of evil came forth good. Next, Lancelot flees from temptation, refusing to sin with the second Elaine, and the result is suffering and death. "The one time I did right, when I spoke so gently and wisely to that little girl, it killed her." Out of good came forth evil!

And so Professor Erskine triumphs in the end. Wisely eschewing the task of reproducing an impossible mediævalism and forgetting, for the moment, even the beauty of the ancient legends, he has told the tale as he has apprehended it. To him the ancient story is a revelation of the strange inversions and paradoxes of life, high aims withering away into futility; and then, to the confusion of all law and system, pettiness suddenly blossoming into splendor. It is in the setting forth of such contradictions as these, and not in the mere presentation of the story in modern dress, that the genuine novelty of this book consists.

There is no end to literary surprises. A French tax-collector, Jacques Noir, has been awarded the national prize for poetry for 1926, which includes a sum of money destined for travel. The real name of the laureate is Armand Geoffrit. He was born at Niort in 1881. While still very young he published a volume of verse entitled "L'Ame Inquiète." This was followed by "Malédictions." His new volume is called "Heures Profondes." These titles seem to indicate that a tax-collector has troubles of his own.

Out of Little, Much

THE SUN ALSO RISES. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by CLEVELAND B. CHASE

THE sense of unbounded vigor and enthusiasm coolly repressed and controlled that characterized Ernest Hemingway's book of short stories, "In Our Time," is also the most striking feature of this notable first novel. Written in terse, precise, and aggressively fresh prose, and containing some of the finest dialogue yet written in this country, the story achieves a vividness and a sustained tension that make it unquestionably one of the events of a year rich in interesting books.

Nothing, the adjective is used advisedly, that Hemingway describes has ever been more convincingly described. It probably never will be; for while he writes with spareness and economy, his gift for seizing upon the essential qualities of whatever occupies his attention leaves the reader with nothing to learn. There is a truly Shakespearian absoluteness about his writing. But the things he writes about—bull fights, Spanish fiestas, shallow philanderings, and the petty subtleties of café disputes and *amours*—seem scarcely worthy of the care, of the artistic integrity which he devotes to them.

It would have been difficult for Mr. Hemingway to have chosen a more dreary or aimless setting for a novel. Having picked, apparently at random, a handful of those disillusioned and degenerating expatriates who make their headquarters in the cafés along the Boulevard Montparnasse, in Paris, he sends them on a fishing expedition to the Pyrennees which ends up in a week of riotous drunkenness at a fiesta and bull fight at Pamplona. He describes these people with photographic exactness. Anyone who is acquainted with the habitués of the cafés of the Boulevard Montparnasse will recognize most of the characters at once. Not one of them, I think, is the product of the author's imagination. Even the fishing trip about which the story centers is an actual event that took place, if my memory is not at fault, in the spring of 1924.

If the characters are intrinsically uninteresting, it is the greater tribute to the power of the author's style that the story never loses an almost painful tension. It is a supreme triumph of style over matter, and if the reader be tempted to question whether the triumph is real, let him turn to almost any one of Mr. Hemingway's passages of dialogue. As, for instance:

"Sit down," said Harvey, "I've been looking for you."
"What's the matter?"
"Nothing. Just looking for you."
"Been out to the races?"
"No. Not since Sunday."
"What do you hear from the States?"
"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."
"What's the matter?"
"I don't know. I'm through with them. I'm absolutely through with them."
He leaned forward and looked me in the eye.
"Do you want to know something, Jake?"
"Yes."
"I haven't had anything to eat for five days."
I figured rapidly back in my mind. It was three days ago that Harvey had won two hundred francs from me shaking poker dice in the New York bar.
"What's the matter?"
"No money. Money hasn't come," he paused. "I tell you it's strange, Jake. When I'm like this I just want to be alone. I want to stay in my own room. I'm like a cat."
I felt in my pocket.
"Would a hundred help you any, Harvey?"
"Yes."
"Come on. Let's go and eat."
"There's no hurry. Have a drink."
"Better eat."
"No. When I get like this I don't care whether I eat or not."
We had a drink. Harvey added my saucer to his own pile.

Mr. Hemingway's most pronounced gift as a writer is his ability to seize upon the precise details in any setting or situation that lend it meaning and individuality. In consequence he has developed a crisp, terse, staccato style which consists largely in setting down innumerable details, which are left to be fused and blended in the reader's mind. The most obvious comparison, of course, is with the

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And so in short, abrupt sentences he piles up details—petty, unimportant details, details that are frequently on the verge of being boring. "In the morning I walked down the boulevard to the rue Soufflot for coffee and brioche. It was a fine morning. The horse-chestnut trees in the Luxembourg gardens were in bloom. I read the papers with the coffee and then smoked a cigarette. . . ." "Why," we are tempted to exclaim, "not leave something to our imagination?" But in the end he justifies his method. By the very profuseness and precision, of his details he achieves an eventual economy that is astounding. There is a cumulative richness in his staccato statements of fact. He says one thing, implies another, while the whole atmosphere of a passage implies infinitely more than is to be found in its individual parts. We find ourselves in the presence of unsuspected subtleties of mood and of emotion which are arrived at not through the medium of an author's hyperbolic and roundabout statement of them, but because their essential qualities are actually present upon the printed page. It is an interesting fact that neither in his short stories nor in this novel does Hemingway make use of a single simile. To him things are not "like" other things. He does not write about them until he has been able to grasp their essential qualities.

Goat

THERE wasn't any wind
But thorn tree was rustling
And out of its dusty leaves
Gazed a yellow eye;
Leather lips and curly beard,
Shaggy shanks up-rearing,
And the old, cold topaz
Of a Billy-goat's eye.

What, thought I to myself
Quite suddenly,
How can he relish
This bitter kind of provender,
Plucking with his leather lips
Aloft and alone?
How can such a wise,
Such a human looking critter,
Relish so heartily
This prickly, this bitter
Thorny kind of diet
On a mountain all alone?

How can he linger,
When down along the water-side
The bells of the nannies
Go tinkle through the grasses;
When all along the water-side
Willing little nannies
Are fattening on the grasses
Of the brook-side dell?

Far from the mountain-side
Down where the water curled
Talking through the bottom lands,
A shepherd blew his horn,—
A hoarse little blast
Upon his reedy horn.
Twitch went the stubby tail
Of coarse old Billy-goat
Down he dropped from thorn tree
And twitched his stubby tail,
Leaping down the mountain
To his nannies in the dell.

Ha, thought I,
There goes old Billy-goat,
Shaggy shanks, leather lips
And cold yellow eye.
Jesu! I repeated to myself,
Quite suddenly,
Its funny how time passes.
I wonder if he was a goat
That just went by?

HENRY CHAPIN.

The Bowling Green

A Casual Anthology

We feel that we are privy to a source-pot of art and literature from which can be culled a definite and salient contribution to the nebulous mosaic of American art.

—*Prospectus of a new literary magazine*

* * *

I have found some of the best reasons I ever had for remaining at the bottom simply by looking at the men at the top.

—*The Colby Essays*

* * *

A "new thinker," when studied closely, is merely a man who does not know what other people have thought.

—*Ibid.*

* * *

The journalism of gentle contemplation has become a profession in itself. All a writer needs to know is when a thing is bosky and when a thing is lush, the wonderful hour that is neither night nor day, and the tang of salt air, and the skirl of the haw-bird, and where the bumbleberries cluster thickest and the wild pomatum blooms. . . . American *belles lettres* are a superior sort of needlework.

—*Ibid.*

* * *

About 9-10ths of the stuff going on under the guise of Art is the Banana Oil. They call it art to get it off the clothes.

—Will Rogers, *Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat*

* * *

At fourteen, with the aid of a large cast of undergraduates and others, Naomi Mitchison produced at Oxford a play on Eugenics. The scene was in a country where to have more than three children was a crime punishable by death, and the play opened with an expectant father awaiting the announcement of his third baby's arrival, to whom enter an agitated nurse: "My God, twins!" At this point several Oxford ladies rose and left.

—*Sixteen Authors*, an eloquent pamphlet issued by Harcourt, Brace and Co.

* * *

Count Keyserling realized that he was now a philosopher, yet he realized also that he had not become one through introspection or study, but empirically, and he had no notion of what to do next. He travelled, he wrote a second book, he went back to solitude and waited. While, however, he was leading the life of a gentleman farmer, he was aware that inside he was maturing, and he read and meditated patiently.

—*Ibid.*

* * *

Morley is only another of those gay night moths that persist in scorching their little wings in the forty-thousand candle-power light of Walt's vast Schopenhauerian philosophy. Instead of regarding him for what he is—a prophet-bard, they will keep applying to him their ridiculous little professional mete-wands of conventional literature, and then, sadly shaking their heads, they fall dead in heaps around his Pharos tower.

—W. S. Kennedy, *The Fight of a Book for the World*

* * *

Shoes of genuine reptile leathers, thought by certain factors to be losing popularity with smartly dressed women, have taken a turn for the better.

Sheer silk hose with a cashmere sole has been introduced and designated "The Stroller." The sole does not show above the throat of the shoe, but protects the feet against cold weather, since it is assumed that if the toes are warm one is comfortable. The semi-annual style conference of the Allied Shoe Industries emphasizes the importance of the beige tonalities and mauve.

—*Women's Wear*

* * *

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—21 *Adventurous Nights*, The New York Edison Company

* * *

A season of mental anguish is at hand, and through this we must pass in order that our posterity may rise. The soul must be sacrificed; the hope in immortality must die. A sweet and charming illusion must be taken from the human race, as youth and beauty vanish never to return.

—Winwood Reade, *The Martyrdom of Man* (1872)

* * *

The Americans are not in the habit of drinking absinthe like the French are, but a drink of it occasionally will hurt nobody.

The Germans and the Swiss have the simplest way of drinking absinthe that I met with in my travels through Europe. If a person goes to a café, or bar room (as we call it), and asks for absinthe, the bartender puts a pony-glass of absinthe into a large tumbler and sends this and a pitcher of water to the customer, who helps himself to as much as he desires, and there is no mixing or fixing up about it. I consider this a very simple style of drinking absinthe, as it tastes just as good to them and answers the purpose.

—*Harry Johnson's Bartenders' Manual* (1882)

* * *

I saw ——, the well-known British novelist, at the close of his lecture tour, during which he has been deservedly well hosted. He looked tired and had rings under his eyes. "I suppose you'll be glad to get home," I said. "Well," he replied pensively, "it will be pleasant to be in a country where one doesn't have to drink so much."

—John Mistletoe, *On the Brevity of Bliss*

* * *

Because the symbolic principle is implicit in religion, it follows that religion itself is in constant danger of explicitly discovering it, and this at the very moment when religion attains its highest and purest form. Ordinary religion maintains its equilibrium, so far as it does so, because of its low potential. It is not religious enough to upset its own religiosity. But an intensely religious person, one who takes seriously the highest and deepest elements of his own faith, is bound to come into conflict with religion itself. Very religious people always shock slightly religious people by their blasphemous attitude to religion.

—*Speculum Mentis*, by R. G. Collingwood (Oxford University Press, 1924)

* * *

SOME LETTERS

There is a young man of 22 or so whose letters I am privileged to look over from time to time. Perhaps a man of 36 shouldn't be allowed to read these letters; yet though they are so gorgeously young they are also very wise and shrewd, and sometimes nippingly humorous. As young men should be, he is proud and sensitive; when he feels lonely or has a swimming in his head he gets out Shakespeare and rereads him; occasionally, in a burst of enthusiasm he slips into his letters a sonnet or lyric of his own. But even without that you would know him a poet by chance phrases. "If a sparrow comes before my window, I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel." Or this comment he makes on Shakespeare's sonnets—"they seem to be full of fine things said unintentionally." Yes, there he hit upon a big truth; and again: "The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with Beauty and Truth."

Some of his letters that I have seen are addressed to a publisher; occasionally, and with most engaging humor, appealing for an advance payment; occasionally discussing less tangible matters. He remarks, for instance, that poetry should surprise the reader "not by singularity but by a fine excess." This is a nourishing thought to ponder; though he himself, with his clear honesty, would not care for any casual dicta to be too fiercely solidified. "My dear fellow," he writes, "I must once for all tell you I have not one idea of the truth of any of my speculations—I shall never be a reasoner." And he speaks of "the innumerable compositions and decompositions which take place between the intellect and its thousand materials" before it reaches any particular perception of beauty.

Specially young are his rather cavalier depositions as to the irrelevance of women in any rational scheme of life. They are mere children, he remarks, to whom he would rather give a box of candy than his precious time. When you hear him saying that, you tremble a little for him. It was not much later he was writing that to express his devotion he needs "a brighter word than bright, a fairer word than fair." And concludes with the world's oldest cry—"I know before night I shall curse myself for having sent you so cold a letter."

My reason for mentioning these letters is that I happen to see in a catalogue that they can be had (Charles W. Clark Company, 235 West 23 Street, New York) for $1.98, in the handsome Houghton Mifflin edition that usually costs $5 or thereabouts. For the kind of people who are worthy of such infinitely precious confidences, and who won't blab about them, that would be a real Christmas present. The name of the man who wrote them was John Keats.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A quarterly review edited and financed by a group of young negro artists and devoted exclusively to the newer negro art has just made its appearance. It is to be called "*Fire*," and its format will be somewhat comparable to that of *The Theatre Arts Monthly*. Its purpose will be to encourage the art of the younger negroes and also to give the works of the group a chance to appear.

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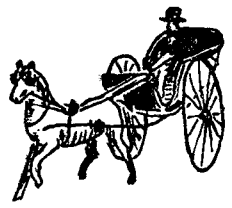

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Books of Special Interest

Barres the Earlier

MEMOIRS OF A NAPOLEONIC OFFICER: JEAN-BAPTISTE BARRÈS. With an Introduction by His Grandson, MAURICE BARRÈS. New York: The Dial Press. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

BEFORE he took the leading rôle in the last great function of his life, tendered him by an admiring country and an appreciative government—his funeral—Maurice Barrès did many things to deserve such recognition. In the United States one does not have a great funeral, much less a public one, merely because he happened to have been a great writer. Neither Poe nor Hawthorne received that honor. It is not probable that even Mr. Harold Bell Wright will be granted such distinction. Great public servants, generals, statesmen, churchmen, politicians—even, it is said, in our city, great criminals—achieve magnificent spectacles on their departure, but not writers. They do these things differently in France. Yet it is perhaps as well that there remain places in the world where literary style is regarded as an element of life, even of public service.

What, one may well ask, has M. Barrès's magnificent public funeral, his flower-covered hearse, his cortège of civic and national dignitaries and military display, besides his many friends and still more numerous admirers, making its way through crowds of spectators on a rainy day in Paris—what has this to do with this book? Only this, that had the grandfather who wrote it looked down from whatever Valhalla he occupied, to see the honors paid to this grandson, he would, no doubt have been filled with mingled delight and surprise. For he loved such spectacles, he took part in so many of them—though in a very different capacity from his grandson on this occasion—and he was, in his way, a bit of an author himself.

Yet little could that grandfather have imagined as he wrote down from week to week in his little green morocco notebooks what happened to him as he went through the world, that some day he would be immortalized by an immortal grandson. They were both public servants, but in what different capacities; and in their three generations there lies a little epic of modern France. It seems to have been rather late in his life that Maurice Barrès discovered his grandfather, as it were, in these little green morocco notebooks from which he drew this summary, and so preserved him to posterity. Who, then, was he, this grandfather of Maurice Barrès?

He led an active life, that grandfather. He entered the army, the Guard as it happened, in 1805. He walked Europe from one end to the other on his master's errands. He saw, even when he did not take part in, all the great battles; for where Napoleon went, went the Guard; and when the Guard went, went Barrès. He rose slowly to be a lieutenant. He was sent from time to time on errands. He nearly died in Spain—of fever! He had some narrow escapes. But nothing besides ever seemed to happen to him. He was not killed; it does not appear that he was even wounded, at least seriously enough to be a matter of record. Mud and dirt and fleas and cold and hunger, these were his chief trials. They rather enjoyed marching, those Guards; they even seem to have hated to stop once for a time in Berlin—but then they were on their way to France. It was rather a dull life, and one's friends were always getting themselves killed, so it was not often gay. And promotion came so slowly.

Moreover it rained a great deal between 1805 and 1815, as it did on the day of the funeral. At reviews it rained, and even at the banquets which great personages gave the Guard from time to time in Paris, even there it rained; but it did not spoil Grandfather's disposition, nor his appetite nor his thirst. And besides in all these strange new cities there was much to be seen and heard, theatre, opera, museums, libraries—he was a most inquiring and intelligent man, Grandfather Barrès, and everywhere he went he improved his time and his mind in preparation for his grandson's funeral.

Meanwhile he married and had a son and his wife died. There was an Abdication and a Bourbon Restoration; and a Hundred Days and a Waterloo, and another Abdication and another Bourbon Restoration. There was promotion and after some years a Revolution of 1830. Through them all he did his duty as he and his superiors saw it; and he rose in rank, and wrote down what happened to him in his little green notebooks. It was not much. Only the history of France as it presented itself to the eyes of a simple, faithful, duty-loving, sensible, intelligent, professional soldier. You will not stop, if you begin it, till you have finished it. And from it you will learn these things. The first is that Romance is for the amateur and the spectator, not for him who does the day's work in even the greatest of events, like soldiering and playing in great football games. The second is that being a soldier and being a gardener are not so different, after all, in their eventfulness, if you look at it the right way. The third is why they gave Maurice Barrès a public funeral. For the art which made him a great writer is revealed in the restraint which makes this little chronicle what it is, a simple story of a simple man set amid great events in a great period, arranging his little world and affairs as well as he could so that in due course of time as his reward his grandson should have a great public funeral for the qualities in some sort transmitted to him by his grandfather.

James's View

RELIGION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES. By JULIUS SEELYE BIXLER. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. 1926.

MORE shamelessly than any philosopher, even Schopenhauer, even Nietzsche, William James made his temperament the basis of his philosophy. This is the thesis which Professor Bixler unconsciously establishes in a work directed intentionally to a quite different end. Professor Bixler aims merely to prove the central position of religion in the thought of James, and he does this successfully, but the proof everywhere involves the larger issue. By means of copious quotations from letters and lectures he shows that James's pluralism and pragmatism were inspired by the kind of world that would satisfy his heart's desire. For such thinking dictated by desire Mr. Henshawe Ward has recently coined the word "thobbing." Professor Bixler quotes with gusto from "A Pluralistic Universe" a veritable technique of thobbing: conviction, according to this passage, arises by the following steps,—we feel that an idea might be true, that it may be true, that it would be well if it were true, that it must be true, that it shall be held for true. On this basis James found that a pluralistic universe with a finite god responsible for good but not for evil satisfied him fairly well, and therefore must be true. That the universe might really not be satisfactory was a possibility which James simply could not take seriously. It would have seemed to him a waste of time to refute the pessimistic arguments which run like an undercurrent through the history of western philosophy. Nor was he at all concerned lest his finite God might not be satisfactory to Mussulmans, Hindus, or Chinese. His horizon needed to be stretched considerably even to include Europe; primarily it was limited to America. James expressed perfectly the American spirit of his day and assumed this spirit to be absolute.

Professor Bixler believes that the philosophy of William James is destined to play an increasingly important part in the religious life of this country. Whether he is right will depend upon how far the American spirit remains the same, and there is much evidence that it is changing rapidly. The individualistic adventurous delight of James in an uncharted universe through which he could sail in any direction with an inward assurance of success has almost passed away. We have become conscious of the dangers surrounding us and are now busily engaged in patrolling the channels, placing bell-buoys on anything that even looks like a reef. The care-worn John Dewey has succeeded the care-free James. Already in Jame's day the earlier indomitable American faith as expressed in Emerson and Whitman had become shaken. The religion of pragmatism is a religion for skeptics: Most men do not believe in God because he might exist, may exist, and it would be well if he existed. James's God depends upon a string of inferences, even if they are only pragmatic inferences, and when one reaches the point where he finds it necessary to prove God by inference his faith in God has already been weakened. A careful reading of Professor Bixler's work will lead to the conclusion that Jafes was a symptom of religious decline rather than, as the author believes, a force of religious reconstruction.

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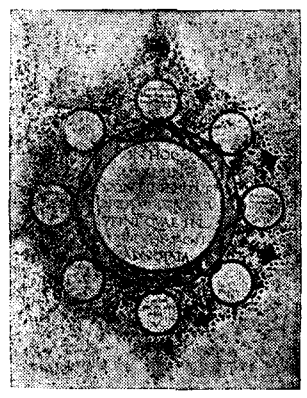

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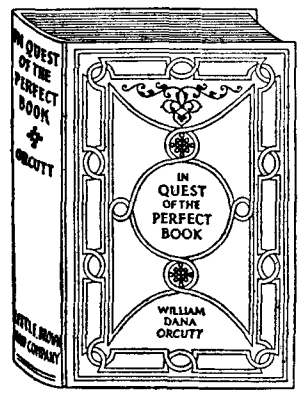

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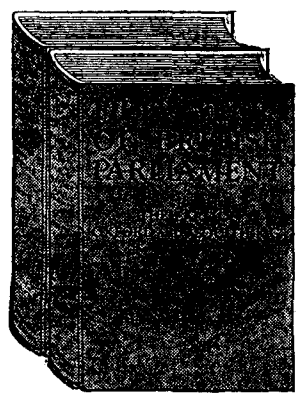

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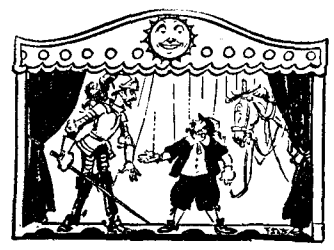

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Books of Special Interest

A Few Philosophers

PHILOSOPHY FOR PLAIN PEOPLE. By MAURICE M. KAUNITZ. New York: Adelphi Company. 1926. $3.

MODERN CLASSICAL PHILOSOPHERS. Compiled by BENJAMIN RAND. (Revised and enlarged edition.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $5.

WINDS OF DOCTRINE. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. (New Edition.) New York: Scribner's. 1926. $2.50.

MATTER AND SPIRIT. By JAMES BISSETT PRATT. (New Edition.) New York: Macmillan. 1926. $1.75.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

THE mania for watered-down learning, which first attained notable proportions with Mr. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History," is gradually assailing workers,—or dabblers,—in every field of human activity. History, art, literature, and science have by this time all been duly "outlined" with more or less success by expert condensers,—several of whom, in addition to their undoubted skill in the canning process, also knew something about the subjects that they summarized.

It is easy to wrinkle the brow and sniff superior sniffs at all this semi-intellectual ado. But it is not fair to condemn popularization in the familiar and lofty tone of the specialist. There are certain fields of knowledge which are none the worse for remaining esoteric. No one, for example, is likely to turn out an Outline of Plumbing, and even the Outline of Dentistry seems reasonably remote. It is not that plumbing or dentistry are useless in themselves,—a leaky drain or an aching tooth provide ample evidence to the contrary; but these highly practical arts are good for what they do,—not especially good in themselves.

Such things as art, literature, history, and philosophy, however, are good for nothing but themselves. And so it is a real loss to let them fall wholly into the hands of experts. In particular it is a pity to allow philosophy to become wholly wrapped up in the cloudy jargon of professed philosophers,—and this is the justification of the popularizer.

The proof of the good popularizer is this: Can he make his subject understandable without distorting it. If the answer is yes, he is a writer who can hardly be too highly prized. If it is no, he deserves most of the things the experts will be sure to say about him.

Mr. Maurice M. Kaunitz's "Philosophy for Plain People" is a book which has one merit not possessed by the immensely popular "Story of Philosophy." At least it does not water metaphysics with anecdotes and try to persuade the innocent reader that the result is philosophy. But books can suffer for their merits, just as people can,—and as this book does. If "Philosophy for Plain People" contains more condensed philosophy to the square inch than "The Story of Philosophy," it is not nearly such good reading. It is fairly competent but measurably dull. To make matters worse, it has no index, lists the World Almanac as an authority in philosophy, and employs the revised version of the Bible,—a fair start on the seven deadly sins of literature.

As if to offset this latest effort at popularization, three different publishers have almost simultaneously issued reprints of three important books on philosophical subjects. Dr. Benjamin Rand's "Modern Classical Philosophers,"—in its own way, almost a classic itself,—appears in a revised and enlarged edition, with additional readings from Lotze, Renouvier, Bradley, Royce, James, and Bergson, whom Dr. Rand regards as "six of the foremost philosophers since Spencer." To my mind it is rather a pity that Dr. Rand did not substitute Charles Peirce's article, "How to Make Our Ideas Clear," which gave its name to Pragmatism, for the chapter that he reprints from William James. James's works are readily available in any library where the "Modern Classical Philosophers" find shelf space; whereas a moderate amount of digging is required to run down Peirce's article, landmark though it is. All this, however, is a matter of opinion. It is enough to add that Dr. Rand's invaluable textbook has more value than ever in its new form.

There is a special interest in the reissue of Santayana's "Winds of Doctrine," which, as the author himself reminds us in a special preface to the new edition,now belongs "to another age." It is as fine a book as ever,—a needed reminder to those wild young literary chaps whose particolored writings so often mean so little, that one may spin the irridescent prose of the post-war Santayana and still be capable of sound and fundamental thinking.

It is a tribute to the clarity of Professor James Bissett Pratt's philosophic writing that a new edition of his "Matter and Spirit" is already required. Dualistic metaphysics is not a subject for which one fancies the American public clamoring. Yet here is a new edition following hard upon the first. Luminous, clear, utterly fair-minded, it is like Santayana's book, a bit of evidence that philosophy need not descend to cheap tricks to be interesting and well-written, even reasonably popular; and evidence also that it need not be cloudy or obscure.

Books of special interest

Donellan's Still

THE FATAL COUNTESS, AND OTHER STUDIES. By WILLIAM ROUGHEAD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by EDMUND PEARSON
Author of "Murder at Smutty Nose"

CAPTAIN JOHN DONELLAN, of Lawford Hall, near Rugby, kept, in his room, a still. Why did he do this, since the country was England, the time the eighteenth century, when no prohibition act troubled the peace of the English country gentleman? One of the housemaids said that in it the Captain "frequently distilled roses,"—a pleasant and poetic occupation, but rather an odd one for a retired army officer. The Captain himself exhibited the still, full of wet lime, which, he said, with less romance but more reason, he used to kill fleas. But the Crown, in the persons of certain prosecuting barristers, averred that the wicked Captain gathered laurel leaves from the garden, doubtless in the dark of the night, and from these he distilled a deadly poison, and this noxious liquid he substituted for the medicine which was being administered to his unlucky and ailing brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton.

Whereupon, Sir Theodosius, a precocious bad boy of about seventeen years, languished, and languishing did die. And presently, after due ceremony, and at the early hour of 7 A. M., one September morning, the Captain was taken "in a mourning coach" to the gallows,—politely bowing right and left, in royal fashion, to the thousands who had gathered for the spectacle. He addressed the multitude, declaring his total innocence, and remarked that he fell a victim "to the malice and black devices of a mother-in-law." Then, speaking to the hangman, he asked that official to see that there was "no bungling." After that he was "turned off," as the saying was, and the men of Lawford Hall were no more.

The Captain's widow could have acquired no very high idea of men from her husband, but that did not prevent her from trying two more of them. Her second husband was a prominent Nonconforming baronet, with a taste for preaching sermons; while her third was Napoleon's surgeon, Barry O'Meara, whom she had the privilege of supporting. Unkind gossip, therefore, referred to her three husbands as the Pendent, the Independent, and the Dependent.

Captain Donellan is one of the most interesting characters in Mr. Roughead's book,—although it contains such darkly fascinating figures as the wicked Countess of Somerset, and all the train of exalted and evil persons who surrounded King James I. Not even that fair liar, Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith, nor that curious Polish physician, Dionysius Wielobycki—whose exploits are set forth in this book—can surpass the Captain in my esteem.

He served in India, and took part in the capture of Mazulipatam, the capital of Golconda. The riches of this famous State went to his head—and too many of them into his pocket—and his retirement from the Army was involuntary. But—like the man in "The Moonstone"—he returned to England wearing an enormous Diamond. Soon he was Director of Entertainments at the Pantheon in London. After a time, he made an advantageous marriage with Miss Boughton of Lawford Hall,—sister of Sir Theodosius aforesaid. It was in trying to remove the heir to that estate, and to secure for his wife the complete ownership thereof,—it was in this altruistic effort that he came to complete disaster. Mr. Roughead's title for the essay is "Laurel Water." It runs in my head like an old ballad,—a sweet song of the dear, dead days, when gentlemen were hanged in white wigs and black satin.

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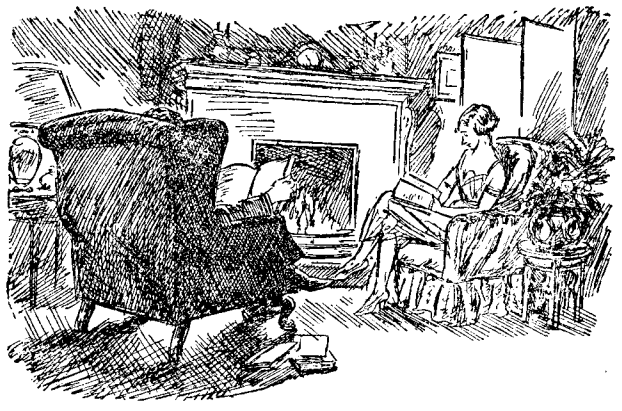

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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

THE reader takes a long and amazing leap who turns from M. Paul Bourget's new novel, "Le Danseur Mondain" (Plon), to M. René Clair's cinematographic story "adams," printed with a small "a," and published by Grasset. The contrast is almost too startling, but represents perfectly the variety in French literary production. Bourget's smooth, elegant style and finished technique, cleverly applied to a quite new subject—the young men hired to dance with women guests—and the come-and-go film style of Clair, the cinema surrealism, are as far apart as white and black. There is no rivalry between white and black, they are merely entirely different. There are readers who never go to a cinema, others who go all the time, and some who like to go occasionally,—these will all find the literature they prefer in France, where variety is inexhaustible.

Bourget takes for his hero a young man of good family who has been wounded in the war and won distinction, who returns to his home and finds the easy regularity of bourgeois life unbearable after the intensity of his great war adventure—he cannot substitute the morning paper and his *café-au-lait* for the four years' duel with death. He gambles, loses of course, steals and sells some rare books belonging to his employer—an old family friend and successful lawyer—pays his debts with the proceeds, but is detected by his wary patron and, when accused, admits his crime with dignity. Proud and desperate he goes straight to his mother and confesses his crime to her, and she, ill with heart disease, dies of the shock. The young man buys back the stolen books, returns them to his employers, and disappears. By chance he replaces another young man as a professional dancer in a hotel, finds the work very agreeable and well paid as well as rather exciting, and adopts it as his career. Five years later he is employed in a Riviera hotel, where a charming young girl guest has become interested in him. His connection with her, her mother and brother, the sudden appearance of his former employer in their company and the subsequent complications, with the reader's gradual understanding of the dancer's true character, build a narrative that constantly commands the reader's attention, as in all Bourget's books.

On the other hand, the interest in René Clair's book is no more continuous than the jumps of a grasshopper. If a light is suddenly flashed on the retina, if an electric sign flares up in the dark street, we are attracted and we look. For about the same reason we read Clair's book. Are we to have a literature of grasshoppers and electric signs? Probably, for those who like it. Among its makers René Clair will command some respect. He has produced films which were original, not adapted from novels—"Paris qui Dort," "Le Voyage Imaginaire," etc. Will his novels be equally original? "Adams" has for its hero "the greatest cinema actor in the world," whose name gives the title, and who is successively "possessed" by the spirits of the seven film heroes he has created. (It is dedicated to Charles Chaplin.) From the standpoint of the art of writing, the book is a whirling confusion of facts and images. Why, when the film producer knows that he has to show his pictures with the smoothest result, one melting without jar or shock into the next, why does he write "novels" whose wheels torture the reader's nerves at every turn? The subject is of no importance except as it deals with new tendencies in "legitimate" literature.

This cinematographic influence is felt—though in what a different way!—in Blaise Cendrars new novel "Moravagine" (Grasset), as it was, in a less degree, in his "L'Or." Though Cendrars has done successful scenarios for films, he is first of all a writer, and at times a powerful one. He belongs to the group of younger novelists who passed through the furnace of the war, whose new mentality is indicated in Bourget's "Danseur Mondain." Cendrars went as a foreign volunteer into the French Army, lost his right arm, and came out smiling. He tells the story in the person of a medical man who is the devoted friend of the hero, Moravagine, a criminal idiot of royal blood whom he runs across by accident in a great international sanatorium in Switzerland. He manages to let Moravagine escape, and they travel together all over the world, get deep into the intrigues of the Russian Revolution—these are curious pages—go to South America and live with "blue Indians," etc. The scene changes often like a film, but the observation is good, impressionistic, and the style intensely vivid and quick. A striking book, needing expurgation as regards taste.

Henry de Montherlant's much advertised novel of Spain and the bull-fight, "Les Bestiaires"—meaning in this case the men who handle the beasts—is staged in Andalusia (Grasset). Again a finely observed story, but in some respects so disconcerting. It is almost a plea for cruelty to animals. He pleads for the bull-fight, its national value to Spain. (He himself has killed young bulls in Southern France at the early age of fifteen.) He argues that critics of this sport countenance equally "cruel" things:—line-fishing, when the fisherman lets the fish die during hours of suffocation in the air; watch-dogs chained up for ten years; flies slowly dying on glued paper, etc. The trouble with his argument in favor of bull-fights is that he would seem to justify cruelty by other cruelty. This part of his book is offensive to some readers. There are also repeated lapses of taste, the arbitrary introduction of remarks or similes brought in as if with a childish desire to shock—or is it with a view to publicity and best-selling? For whatever the cause, the judicious reader deplores it, for Montherlant was one of the most promising disciples of Maurice Barrés. These are defects in an otherwise interesting and well-written book, lived by the author in Spain. —Montherlant, too, fought in the war.

Thierry Sandre, whose last novel was the successful "Chevrefeuille," has written in "Panouille" (Nouvelle Revue Française), a most amusing story against the Communist party in France. Panouille is a poor, humble, illiterate gunner of a battery in garrison. Unconsciously he gets into trouble with his lieutenant, one mistake leads to another, he is punished in prison, not in the least knowing why he is there, falls under the machinations of the Communists who are gnawing into the discipline of the army, becomes their prey altogether, and ends by being "the Panouille affair," with his name in headlines in the Communist papers and in smaller type in all the rest, and finally finds himself a notorious political prisoner condemned by a court martial for a number of years. The story tells how the Communists bring about his liberation, using him as a war-cry for their cause, and how, when he is brought before a meeting as martyr and hero he is unable to make a speech, never having dreamed of making one in his life before the party adopted him. The end is both pathetic and funny, and the whole tone of the book ironical and entertaining, and quick-going.

The famous "Poétique" of Pierre Louys, an incomparably written art of literature, is issued in *de luxe* forms by Briant-Robert. A single copy, with four lithographs by Edouard Degaine, and three proofs to appear exclusively in this volume, is priced at six thousand francs. There are 214 other copies at less luxurious prices. This is the definitive edition of the "Poétique." Charles Maurras's story "La Bonne Mort" is also published, by Claude Aveline, in numbered copies with original wood engravings by Paul Devaux.

The daughter of the painter, Jules Breton, Madame Demont-Breton, herself a painter whose work is hung in museums, has written a charming account of her youth in "Les Maisons que J'ai Connues" (Plon). The intimate life of provincial bourgeois families is always a taking subject. The French knowledge of how to live and get the most out of it is always an edifying deduction from such recitals. Madame Demont-Breton writes with the sincerity and simplicity—and charm—of the artist.

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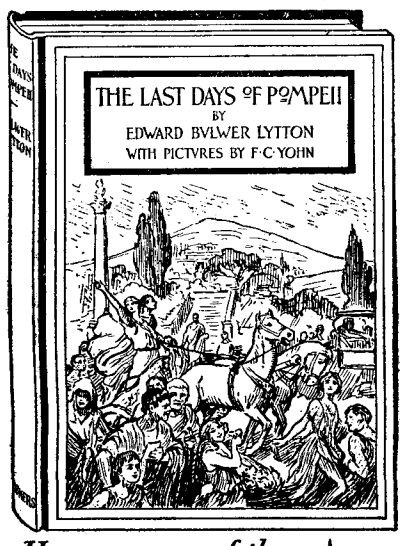

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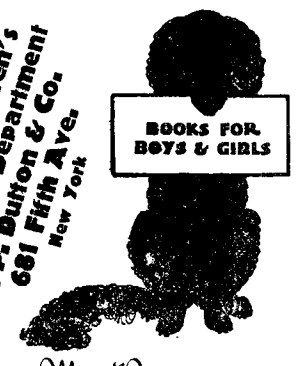

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Foreign Literature

Amiel Introvert

H. F. AMIEL, ESSAI SUR SA PENSÉE ET SON CARACTÈRE D'APRÈS DES DOCUMENTS INÉDITS. By LÉON BOPP. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan. 1926.

Reviewed by JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

EVER since the New York publication in 1899 of Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of Amiel's Journal (the first of all translations from the French), the diarist of Geneva has been recognized by English as well as French readers as "the third one of the great European values furnished by Geneva," next only to Rousseau and Madame de Staël. This delicate analyst of his own soul made a great appeal to the generation of Arnold and Pater, of Richard Jefferies and John Addington Symonds. Many readers will recall the time when his intimate thoughts seemed the almost perfect reflection of their own spiritual moods and hesitations, their own dispersed reveries, their own wistful indulgence in solitary self examination. A new psychology, a general new adjustment of men to the world, have caused a considerable shrinkage in the importance of Amiel as prophet and feeder of the soul.

But the time has now arrived for a more critical study of Amiel as a personality, with a consequently cooler understanding of his place in the perspective of romantic writing. In the original selection from the Journal given to the world by Fanny Mercier, his literary executrix, with the help of Edmond Scherer, we had but the merest fragment of Amiel's interminable confession, with a rigorous exclusion by his "little saint" of all that failed to suit her old maid's ideal of her hero. But the features she censored have largely been restored in the three volumes of Fragments published in 1923 by M. Bernard Bouvier, the present guardian of the Amiel manuscripts. And we have at last an elaborate and critical study of Amiel by M. Léon Bopp, a former pupil of Professor Bouvier's at the University of Geneva, who has been given exceptional opportunities to consult all pertinent documents.

M. Bopp is a fine psychologist and a cool-headed and judicious writer. He has been at great pains to present and judge Amiel without prejudice. He gives us the portrait of a sensitive and shrinking scholar, a conscientious teacher of philosophy, who, in spite of great merits and infinite pains, failed to make contact with his pupils, and was almost universally regarded by them as a "warm water faucet;" a writer of critical monographs which tend to lose themselves in vague generalities, and of many volumes of poems of which it is "generous to say that they are mediocre;" one who took every possible means to secure publicity for his writings, and, when that failed, fell back upon a scorn for the public taste, but none the less left a legacy for the publication of his manuscripts, and devoted himself desperately to the daily recording of thoughts and impressions which might, after his death, win for him the fame he could not command during his life. He shows us a man of many friendships and few intimacies, liable to misunderstandings and temperamental cross-purposes, who was forever retiring into solitude from a society that did not "understand" him; a feverish traveller, who could never strike root in one place, but was perpetually seeking the next horizon, the other woman.

M. Bopp is inclined to think there never was a writer so devoted to the ideal of chaste love, so given to confounding virtue with chastity. Amiel suffered acutely from suppressed sexual desire; he dreamed of a great love, and of an ideal marriage that should free him from his inveterate restlessness; but he had not the personal force to realize these dreams. In religion he took the part of orthodoxy against the critical liberalism of Scherer, but there was no consistency in his religious life. He really made conduct the touchstone of religion in the manner of Arnold, and he set for himself impossible standards of duty. But he gave himself over to a mystical self-indulgence, in which he relaxed the social bonds which united him with his fellows, and in which that metaphysical entity, the freedom of the will, on which he laid great stress, was dissolved in a sort of Buddhistic fatalism. His notion of the grades of virtue is a farcical reversal of the ideal of a modern physchologist. Saint-hood is nobler than wisdom; the Christs and martyrs head the list; your virtue is less if it is rewarded by your fellows; unrequited and unrealized love is to be preferred to love happy and reciprocated. In philosophy he was a subjective idealist in the tradition of Hegel, and he foreshadowed the dynamic vitalism of Bergson. The guiding thread of M. Bopp's interpretation is Amiel's passion for the absolute. In religion, in philosophy, in his writings, and in his life, this passion for the absolute was carried to the point where he not merely lost contact with the external world, but where the very nexus of thought with thought, of moment with moment was dissolved in an arbitrary "impressionism," a want of structural organization, which amounts to a mild dissociation of personality.

This dissociation of personality was, M. Bopp insists, a mild and "benign" condition. There is no suggestion of an acute psychosis of the kind that lands one in the insane asylum. And yet I believe that M. Bopp dismisses with too casual a nod the idea that light might be thrown on Amiel's case by "the disciples of Freud." The city of Calvin was the most favorable breeding place for every sort of suppression, of repression, and disguised indulgence of natural passion. The little that M. Bopp says of Amiel's mother and father would not be without its significance to a psychiatrist, in view of all the rest. His recollection of his parents, it seems, was not altogether happy. "It is true that he loved his mother passionately, but he recalls that his father did not make his mother happy, that he was often sharp and peevish, and determined to destroy every illusion in the heart of his eldest son." His unhappy relations with his sisters and brothers-in-law, who failed to sympathize with the aspirations of Amiel, complete the picture of a typical domestic situation by which a young person's psyche, already warped by the experiences of early childhood, are permanently "conditioned" against normal and vigorous self-assertion. The subsequent disharmony with every element in his environment is a natural sequence to such conditioning; and his life-long desire to be happily mated, his life-long fussiness and shilly-shallying before the question of marriage, is the typical story of a man who, unknown to himself, has been made practically incapable of heterosexual love.

Bopp gives an appalling list of the poor man's physical ailments, which one cannot help associating with the rest of these symptoms, considering them quite as much in the light of effects as of causes of his psychical condition. M. Bopp assures us that Amiel was not impotent but merely weakly (*débile*). And he points out that Amiel did once, at the age of thirty-nine, take a mistress whom he kept for three weeks. "But it took a great effort to overcome his moral aversion and yield to the supplications of a woman (!). He did not persevere, but after this experiment returned to his life of timorous desires and the incomplete satisfaction of debilitating dreams." This belated and futile attempt of Amiel to assert his manhood would be, for a psychiatrist, the crowning evidence that he was, through whatever causes, arrested at a stage below that of normal sex life.

Amiel's Journal is a charming work, into which he put all his wisdom and sentiment, and all his literary grace. It is not a thing to be explained away by any account of how it came to be so and so. M. Bopp remarks, very much to the point, that "there is many a lesson to be derived from the confidences of this sick man, and that it would be a mistake to scorn the flowers of evil, or of illness, often more brilliant than those produced by a footless health." But the reminder that these are flowers of illness, and not of health, will serve to give us Amiel's rank among sages. His view of life is no more to be swallowed whole than that of Ruskin, say, or Maeterlinck! The romantic writers were much given to the cultivation of a subjectivity which was hardly more than the exploitation of unrelated moods or states of soul. These states of soul are often pleasing enough in individual contour and complexion, but the tendency is to regard them as absolute values, quite apart from that reference to human behavior which alone can organize the most fascinating of soul-states into a healthy working ego. Our current psychology has more in common with that of Montaigne and Bacon. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is becoming once again the ideal of philosophy. And Amiel is not in that tradition.

The Amen Corner

THE TITLE of this column, which will become a recognized fixture, may lure the reader into flights of interpretative fancy. But "Amen Corner" is, as Samuel Johnson might have said, "a familiar and authentick" name to the man who knows his London or New York. The London Amen Corner still exists, buried among the dingy buildings near St. Paul's,—buildings which, like shabby gentlemen, retain the spirit if not the appearance of gentility. Amen Corner was well known to a passing generation as the home of the Oxford University Press, which has only recently removed to its more commodious and impressive Amen House.

Our own city, too, had its Amen Corner. Perhaps a humorist officiated at its christening. For old New Yorkers, and readers of decades mauve and otherwise, will recall the Amen Corner in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. There Tom Platt and his junto discussed projects to which many of us would hardly cry "Amen!"

THERE were giants in those days among the authors of the Clarendon Press. Henry Bradley, famous old scholar and editor of the Oxford Dictionary, was a frequent visitor at the London Amen Corner. W. W. Skeat, the godfather of English philology, whose magnificent edition of Chaucer can still be secured, and Benjamin Jowett, that greatest Master of Balliol and equally great exponent of Plato, surely knew well that narrow byway that led from Ludgate Hill or Cheapside to the doorway of Henry Frowde, publisher to the University!

Our own age has its giants, too. Several have recently been with us. Gilbert Murray, whose interpretations of the Greek tragedies are at once translations and creations, is at Harvard. W. D. Ross, editor of the Oxford Aristotle, attended recent American philosophical conferences, and was a visitor at the American "Amen Corner" at Thirty-five West Thirty-second Street. A. E. Zimmern, author of *The Greek Commonwealth* and the recently published *Third British Empire*, also was welcomed at the American Branch, which anticipates with pleasure other visits from Oxford authors.

BUT enthusiasm for Oxford authors should not exclude mention of their newest books. Foremost among these is a dictionary along new lines. Dictionaries in general are notably not exciting reading, but H. W. Fowler has produced one that all of us can read and use with pleasure. It is called *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, and it tells in a really brilliant and humorous way the thing one wants to know. Critics predicted a large sale for this book in America, but its popularity has surprised even the publishers. It may be had for Three Dollars, or on delightfully clear Oxford India Paper for Four. The latter makes a brilliant solution of the Christmas problem.

An appetizing relish to whet the modern hunger for life as the Georges lived it is *English Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century*. In gathering and preparing the 284 contemporary illustrations for this volume, the author and the printer have excelled themselves. The accompanying text, written with a practiced skill by A. S. Turberville, is both chatty and dignified, sparkling and scholarly. The publishers have told us that at Four Dollars they consider it their most attractive Christmas offering; incidentally it will mark the giver as a person of rare discrimination.

THUS reminded of Christmas, we quote again from a paragraph our genial friend Christopher Morley wrote in the Evening Post a Christmas season or two ago.

"We discovered," he writes, "one of the best places for our bookish clients to do their Christmas Shopping ..... We mean the book room of the Oxford University Press American Branch at 35 West Thirty-second Street. There are, we feel certain, quite a number of our clients who will always rubricate the day they first find their way in there, and spend a couple of hours in conning what is probably the most genuine gathering of literature ever collected by any one publishing house in the history of our tongue. How few of them, for instance, know the 'Tudor and Stuart Library', a series of beautiful reprints that would more than astonish book lovers of the true complexion. And also (a word in your ear) they are considerably less expensive than a lot of the gaudy 'gift books'."

To which we echo a hearty "Amen."

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Points of View

The War Cult

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Nevinson's article in your recent number begins by characterizing the Treaty of Versailles (which among other things reconstituted Poland, and freed the subject races of Austria) as "shameful and disastrous" and "an orgy of iniquity," and he expresses his wonder that the hand which wrote the clause affirming Germany's responsibility for the war did not wither. This exordium illustrates the intemperate tone of his article.

I am especially concerned with the paragraph regarding Lord Grey, which contains a series of misstatements. In considering these I shall refer to Grey's "Twenty-five Years," an autobiography which has been generally accepted in England and America as an extraordinarily candid statement of his policy.

1. Mr. Nevinson says that Grey "knew no language but his own." The language of diplomacy was chiefly French, and Grey expressly says: "I could read French easily;" though he could not express himself in French, he understood "perfectly" Cambon's French.

2. A more serious matter is Mr. Nevinson's statement that Grey was won over to the "plot for the *creation* of a general war," and that he "permitted English officers to draw up schemes for war . . . against Germany." This amounts to a statement that Grey was a party to a plot for a war of aggression against Germany. He further accuses Grey of having given "*promises* to France and Russia that pledged our support."

The full statements of Grey's memoirs, supported by contemporary correspondence and memoranda, show that while he expressed his opinion that "in the event of an *attack* by Germany upon France, no British government could remain neutral" (1, 78), he repeatedly limited such probability of English assistance to a war of *aggression* by Germany upon France, and steadfastly refused to give any *promise* or make any arrangements which would amount to a defensive alliance (see, for example, 1, 71; 74; 79, especially 1, 95, the letters exchanged between Cambon and Grey; also as to Russia, 1, 274, 288). To override these statements, Mr. Barnes is obliged to qualify Lord Grey as a liar, and Mr. Nevinson impliedly adopts this position. I may note that Mr. Poincaré's memoirs fully confirm Lord Grey's denial of any engagement between England and France.

3. Mr. Nevinson speaks of Grey's final offering to Germany as made on July 30th; but the proposal for a conference, which Germany rejected, was made on July 26th (11, 305, 309).

I do not think that any one who reads the Grey memoirs with an open mind will hesitate to accept his evidently truthful account, written in a note of moderation which contrasts favorably with the bitter partisanship of Messrs. Barnes and Nevinson.

Later in his article Mr. Nevinson makes the extraordinary statement that he believes "most English people would now agree" with Mr. Barnes, who is quoted as maintaining that "Germany was in fact the least to blame" for the war. I know of no basis whatever for this assertion.

Lord Grey states frankly that the increase of armaments and mutual suspicions and jealousies made war inevitable at some time. But the question is, what nation was chiefly responsible for bringing on the Great War *at this particular time?* And most unprejudiced people would agree with Lord Grey's statement (1, 90): "It seemed at the time, and still seems to me, that the military power in Germany chose the time and precipitated the war, and that had there been a real will for peace in Germany, there would have been no European war arising out of the Austro-Servian dispute." (See also 1, 322, and 11, 27).

This conclusion seems to be amply justified when one considers, among other things, Germany's encouragement of Austria's preposterous ultimatum to Servia; her prevention of a conference between Austria and Russia when the former began to be frightened, and, above all, her refusal of Grey's proposal of a conference, which was accepted by France and Russia.

I do not think that the "verdict of history" will be changed by extremely partisan writings like those of Mr. Barnes, which minimize or altogether overlook the war-provoking actions of Germany, and concentrate attention on the alleged belligerent tendencies of the French and Russian ministers.

W. K. RICHARDSON.

Barnes As Historian

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of November 20, 1926, under caption of "The Great Revision," appeared an account by Mr. H. W. Nevinson of Professor H. E. Barnes's "The Genesis of the World War." In the interests of historical criticism and study it is desirable for those of your readers who may not be acquainted with Mr. Nevinson's work to realize that he is an elderly and amiable journalist, somewhat radical, and generally sentimental, and that he is in no sense an historian or a critical scholar.

Mr. Nevinson's incapacity to deal with a book of this kind is shown in statements asserting that Professor Barnes's volume is "fully documented and supplied with accurate references to a vast body of evidence" and that it is a "carefully written book."

On the contrary, the author shows every indication of having written without care or sufficient preparation, perhaps very largely on the basis of second-hand radical and partisan accounts, the author, it would seem, being mostly innocent of the contents of the documents and the sources themselves. This was noted by the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* (September 30, 1926). A high authority and most capable judge, Mr. J. W. Headlam-Morley—one of the editors of the official documents on the origins of the war which the British government is publishing at present, writing in the *Observer* under the heading "Disservice to the Truth," declared: "There is no work on this subject . . . which is so completely unreliable, in which elementary facts are so constantly misstated, and in which every fact incompatible with this [Barnes's] theory is so consistently ignored."

Among the scholars whom I know in this country I find no one who regards Professor Barnes as an historian of standing with respect to this subject; and avowedly, I believe, he attempts to be a sociologist, not an historian. It appears to me that he is primarily a journalist, with strong tendency towards sensationalism. If he were able to overcome certain temperamental defects and resist the temptation to write hastily and rashly on so many and such various subjects, it would still be necessary, I think, before he could give anything of worth on the causes of the War, for him to devote several years to study of the documents and the sources, something that I conceive he has not yet had opportunity or inclination to do.

RAYMOND TURNER.
Johns Hopkins University.

An Inquiry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The Pollak Foundation for Economic Research is offering a prize of $5,000 for the best adverse criticism of "Profits," the work of Foster and Catchings published by the Foundation last year. Competitors for the prize are, as usual in such competitions, directed to send their essays to the Foundation under an assumed name, the real name and address of the writer to be given in a sealed envelope accompanying the essay.

It has occurred to me that it would be a satisfaction to any competitor to have definite assurance that his essay has been received; yet there seems to be no obvious way of his getting this assurance without either communicating his real name and address or else resorting to some artifice for concealing it and still obtaining an acknowledgment. Perhaps there is some standard way of accomplishing the object, or perhaps everybody is content to trust the perfect working of the mails, which, to be sure, very rarely fails. Possibly the Pollak Foundation, if its attention were called to the matter, would be willing to give some advice on the subject; and if so I think the answer, if published in your columns, would be of interest to a number of your readers, whether concerned with this particular competition or not.

X. Y. Z.

New York.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE EARLY AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By HOWARD MAJOR. Lippincott. 1925.

The very great interest recently evinced in the arts of the United States in its formative period has concerned itself especially with the pre-revolutionary or early post-revolutionary period, neglecting the many interesting buildings and objects of the industrial art designed from what is generally known as the time of the Classical Revival, or, especially in furniture, the American Empire period. The houses are today often confused with those which preceded them and to many people, especially in the south, any reasonably old house with four big columns in the front, is called a Colonial mansion, regardless of the fact that it may have been as late as 1840. Curiously enough the distinction between the two was much more sharply evident a hundred years ago than it is today,—when Fenimore Cooper, who was so great a lover of all things Colonial, in one of his books, "Home as Found," makes one of his characters voice his sentiments as to the ridiculous absurdity of attaching the Greek temple structure to American domestic uses. It was indeed a ridiculous absurdity in many ways, but as Mr. Major has pointed out, the results obtained by the early American builders with motives so foreign to our environment, were in many cases of excellent architectural and of considerable personal charm.

Mr. Major has done a real service in two directions. The first is that he has made still more clear the distinction between true Colonial architecture and the architecture of the Classic Revival in this country; and the second, he has assembled together under one cover many of the most interesting examples of the domestic architecture of this period, and has given a brief but pleasant résumé of the historical background of the style. Of its importance it is enough to point out that the Capitol at Washington, the Treasury Department, the Department of the Interior, the White House, and the old Post Office were all constructed during this period, and the charm and excellence of most of these structures is beyond dispute.

A RUDE BOOK. By TELL. HARTFORD. Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1926. $3.50.

One thousand copies of this book have been printed, five hundred for America, five hundred for England. Tell is an English caricaturist whose identity is mysterious. Some of his work originally appeared in a London periodical. Here he represents four English artists, Epstein, Augustus John, Sir William Orpen and Max Beerbohm. Leaving out Beerbohm, of course, can one of the others, by any chance, be "Tell"? He has also portrayed Chesterton, Stanley Baldwin, Sir Alfred Mond, John Drinkwater, Lady Astor, Belloc, the Sitwells, Winston Churchill, Asquith, Dean Inge, Shaw, Frankau and Arlen, Suzanne Lenglen, and others. In his caricatures he is unevenly successful. But the work as a whole is diverting trifling, printed at the Arden Press in England.

Belles Lettres

A SNUFF-BOXFUL OF BIBLES. By WILBUR MACEY STONE. Newark: Carteret Book Club. 1926. $7.

For copies of this odd and rare little volume one should address The Secretary, The Carteret Book Club, Room 2529, 15 Park Row, New York City. A few extra copies have been printed and are offered to the public at seven dollars each postpaid. The volume contains an essay on miniature Bibles, an attractive corner in bibliography. It is fully illustrated from the actual books described, and has been printed with care by Douglas C. McMurtrie, Inc. of New York.

Drama

THE CAPTIVE. By EDOUARD BOURDET. Brentano's. 1926. $2.

This edition of Bourdet's unusual play which has recently been seen on the American stage is translated from the French by Arthur Hornblow, Jr. with an introduction by J. Brooks Atkinson. "La Prisonnière" was first presented at the Theatre Femina in Paris last March. Its adaptation by Mr. Hornblow appeared in New York this fall. Gilbert Miller was the producer. Mr. Atkinson speaks of his treatment and "the austere quality of the performance" as having "cleared the humid air like a northwestern breeze." The adaptation he claims made the play "a restrained though uncomprising tragedy." George Jean Nathan has said the Hornblow translation is extremely "adroit." This is M. Bourdet's first notable play. He is still in his thirties. Inasmuch as this drama has aroused so much discussion and interest both in France and America it is interesting to have it in book-form.

REVUES. A Book of Short Sketches. Edited by KENYON NICHOLSON. Appleton. 1926. $1.50.

Florenz Ziegfeld properly introduces this book, as its contents are culled from "The Ziegfeld Follies," "Artists and Models," "The Garrick Gaieties," "The Music Box Revue" and other revues. A revue sketch is a comparatively new medium, and such short pieces for the frivolous stage are not easy to write. They must be extremely condensed and depend upon a trick turn which will genuinely amuse and startle the audience across the footlights. In cold type some of them do not seem so funny as they may be on the boards. But such clevernesses as "Our American Language," "It Isn't What You Say," and "Green Chartreuse" indicate the ingenuity expended on this form of writing. They are, as well, amusing reading. The editor is instructor in dramatic composition at Columbia and this collection is the first of revue sketches that has been put between covers.

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SUPERVISION. By ARTHUR S. GIST. Scribner. 1926.

Those workers in the teaching profession who have been calling insistently for the elementary school principal and his assistants to assume the work of improvement of the teaching in our public elementary schools by the means of supervision, will find in this book one of the first important contribution, in a usuable form, from one within the principals' craft itself. As such it is a direct challenge to the opponents of supervision. The author's aim is the improving of the principal's work in the supervision of teaching. To make the book a tool for this purpose, he devotes sixteen chapters to various aspects, as follows: the theory and art of supervision; direction of study; supervision of a selected group of elementary school subject-matter fields; supervision of music, art, physical education; some professional interests of the principal; rating pupils' achievements and teaching efficiency; the principal's self-analysis and training for supervision.

The materials used are drawn liberally from the recent, well-known publications and investigations in this field, and in particular, from the activities of the National Association of Elementary School Principals, and the Seattle, Washington, schools. He is particularly free from vagueness, that of theorists, but occasionally succumbs to a confusion like identifying initiative with individuality. The suggestions on study habits, much of the material on supervision of teachers of the different subjects, teacher and pupil rating, the principal's self-evaluation and training, will prove very helpful to the group for whom he writes.

Negatively, it may be doubted if any one principal can do both the extensive and intensive work of supervision assumed by the author; the field will have to be divided among several workers who are specialists in their respective fields, the mere acquaintance with the specialized knowledge in so many fields compelling such a division of labor. The chapter on "Rating Teaching-efficiency" would be improved and probably better received by the profession, if diagnosis and consequent follow-up

(*Continued on next page*)

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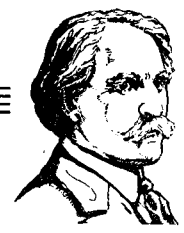

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The New Books

Education

(*Continued from preceding page*)

work for improvement of teaching were emphasized much more. The discussion of "Marking of Pupils" reveals a lack of use of materials from such valuable, recent writings as those of G. M. Ruch, Monroe and Souders, and Charles E. Russell, materials of *direct* concern to the teachers' every-day work. The discussion of the principal's training contains much of the subject-matter and theory assumed as necessary for the training of the principal, but it omits entirely any reference to such training as guided, or directed practice in supervision, training analogous to supervised student teaching. The omission of a few standard authorities appears occasionally, e.g., Germane and Germane, "Silent Reading."

Fiction

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Illustrated by THOMAS ROWLANDSON. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $12.50.

Quite the most delectable gift book which the season has brought forth is this edition of Goldsmith's classic with its twenty-four colored illustrations from the Rowlandson plates and its beautiful typography and paper. Here, indeed, is a garment worthy of its wearer. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction, with its discussion of the character of the illustrations, adds interest to the volume. Any one in search of this type of present can find nothing more delightful than this edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

SWEET AND LOW. By LIGGETT REYNOLDS. Simon and Schuster. 1926. $1.25.

This is a burlesque novel prepared in a special long, thin format and embellished on the jacket with burlesque "blurbs." The novel itself is sheer nonsense with occasional rather apt take-offs on contemporary novelistic futilities. As sheer spoofing it rather outstays its welcome. A little of such elaborate artifice goes a long way, and in this case slapstick too often takes the centre of the stage.

QUEVEDO. Translated by SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, JOHN STEVENS and others. Dutton. 1926. $5.

In Dutton's Broadway Translations series here is an edition of various translations into English of one of the wonders of his age, Don Francisco Gomez de Quevedo Villegas, the 16th-17th century Spanish satirist. Of recent years it has been hard to find an English version of Quevedo. The Edinburgh edition of 1798 is unsatisfactory. The present volume is intended to repair the defects of previous editions. There is an excellent explanatory introduction, summarizing the life of Quevedo. Here is a choice of the great Iberian's humorous and satirical works that is sure to content and amuse the present generation.

AMOROUS FIAMETTA. By GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. Revised with an introduction by Edward Hutton. Albert & Charles Boni. 1926. $6.

This is one of the volumes privately printed for the Navarre Society, Limited. It is a limited edition modernized from the only English translation, made by Bartholomew Yong and printed by John Charlwood in 1587, of which only four copies are known to exist. The book is printed by the Riverside Press, Edinburgh, upon paper of fine quality, specially made for the Navarre Society.

HARVEY GARRARD'S CRIME. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Little, Brown. 1926. $2.

Harvey's misdeed is excusably committed when he faces the first serious difficulty of his hitherto untroubled life. If he grasps this one long, dishonorable chance of victory over unfair odds, it is with the firm resolve to make full restitution at the earliest opportunity—his sense of personal rectitude commands that. By the aid of his questionably secured resources, he averts imminent disaster and, the tide of finance turning quickly in his favor, he survives the battle a tremendous, unsmirched winner, his own loss a despicably mercenary wife who deserts him at the moment of his threatened ruin. Of course, toward the end of the story Harvey's unauthorized appropriation of the heaven-sent bonds is uncovered, but again he emerges unscathed. The book is surprisingly free from the usual Oppenheim mystery and intrigue, is in fact moderately plausible throughout, and distinctly superior to the majority of the author's many tales.

BLENCARROW. By ISABEL MACKAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

As a character study of life in a Scotch-Canadian small town of today, this novel is a solid production and deserves praise, but it also merits the charge of being a dreary bore through the greater portion of its narration. Far too much of it is devoted to the calf love of the local lads and lassies, the fatuous maundering of their elders, and to kindred commonplaces of the community's daily existence. When the village drunkard, unbalanced last bearer of a once honored name, the dreaded father of two comely girls and husband of a broken-hearted wife, intrudes upon a scene, one's hopes of exciting developments are aroused, but his appearances, though they effectually damage the felicity of others, are too few and brief. Finally, when grievously fuddled, he plans the unjust punishment of his younger daughter, fate intervenes and transports him painlessly to his Maker. The martyred wife, soon after, also departs this earth, the younger generation thus being completely freed from the shadows. We repeat, it is a competent book, but sadly dull.

THE BLUE BONNET. By AUGUSTUS MUIR. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.

His publishers inform us that in this story of an Edinburgh waif's childhood, Mr. Muir has attempted the creation of a Scotch "Huckleberry Finn." Setting aside parallels and comparisons, the book on its own merits is an exceptionally fine performance, rich in understanding of the small boy soul, in spontaneous humor and, in certain of its passages, in genuinely moving pathos. The dialect, what little there is of it, is confined to such readily comprehensive phrases as require no aid from a glossary. Hector, at the tender age of eight, deserts the orphanage and casts his lot with Auld Neil, a fiddling beggar and pretended blind man, with whom he goes to live in an ancient slum. The lad is "unco' " bright, pugnacious, and resourceful, which characteristics of leadership, after bitter strife, eventually elect him chief of the neighborhood's fraternity of juvenile terrors. But the childless wife of a magistrate prevails upon Auld Neil to give Hector into her care for a gentler and improved upbringing. Following a prolonged and joyous experience of luxury, the boy returns to his more natural way of life with the fiddler. In that field of the novel which features a child principal for the pleasurable reading of both the grown-up and the young, we know of few characters more naturally appealing than Hector.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE FROG. By EDGAR WALLACE. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2.

The members of this criminal society are a closely organized host whose outrages, spreading terror throughout England, become so bold and numerous that Scotland Yard's efforts to suppress them are completely unfruitful. Every Brother Frog bears stamped upon his wrist the likeness of that amphibian, and in a wholesale round-up of suspects, the jails are soon crowded with cillianous characters adorned by the tell-tale symbol. Still the police activity continues unproductive, until Public Prosecutor Gordon, Inspector Elk, and an American free lance investigator at length succeed in checkmating the Frogs' rampage and in solving the dark enigma of their secret leader. The story, although strung out far beyond its natural limits, never fails to hold one's interest, nor to sustain a semblance of remote possibility in the luridly exciting incidents of the action.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE. By *William Morris.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

NINTH AVENUE. By *Maxwell Bodenheim.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

A DAY OF PLEASANT BREAD. By *David Grayson.* Doubleday, Page. 75 cents.

FOAM. By *Mary Dixon Thayer. Dorrance.* $2.

THE JUDGE AND TWO LIZZIES. By *Charles T. Fullwood.* Dorrance. $2.

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN. By *Frances Newman.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

WEDLOCK. By *Jacob Wassermann.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTHA HEPPLETHWAITE. By *Frank Sullivan.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

Foreign

LA PENSEE FRANCAISE AU XVIIIe SIECLE. By *D. Mornet.* Paris: Colin.

STRATEGIE DER MANNLICHENG ANNAHERUNG. By *Heinrich F. Wolf.* Vienna.

HISTORIE DE LA GRECE ANCIENNE. By *Jean Hatzfeld.* Paris: Payot.

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History

THE STORY OF AN EPOCH MAKING MOVEMENT. By MAUD NATHAN. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.50.

Organized humanitarianism — through Henry Bergh—came to the rescue of overworked, underfed, abused workhouses in 1866; it got around to the assistance of overworked, underfed, abused workgirls in 1890. The girls were in fact worse treated than the horses. In mercantile establishments during the seventies and eighties they toiled ten hours on all weekdays except Saturday, when they stayed till 10 or even 12 p. m. Summer vacations were unknown. They had twenty minutes for lunch; there were no rest-rooms; even to leave the counter for a few minutes brought a reprimand; seats were forbidden; and the only lunch-room was usually a dirty hole where the girls sat on boxes to eat a cold snack from a paper parcel. They were paid wretched pittances. Some firms refused to employ young girls unless they lived at home, for they knew that self-support was impossible: with the result that many applicants pretended to homes they did not possess. Two dollars a week was not an uncommon wage, and most establishments had a system of fines which cut the pay still lower. The young women were at the mercy of floorwalkers who might be gentlemen or might be brutes. At Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter the pressure of the labor became appalling. Many establishments punished tardiness by docking all girls who were late a half day's pay, and shut the doors on them so that they had to walk the streets till noon.

These cruel abuses were first attacked when Alice Woodbridge, the secretary of a Working Woman's Society in New York, had a careful investigation made, in the winter of 1889-90, of department store conditions. She was so moved by the findings that she called upon Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, Mary Putnam Jacobi, and Maud Nathan for assistance. The result was the organization of the Consumers' League (the name was borrowed from England), on January 21, 1891, the enlistment of many public-spirited men and women, and a well directed attack upon unfair working conditions. A set of standards was formulated, and a meagre 33 "white list" of humane firms was published. The advertisement of this list in the New York newspapers brought such protests froom firms whose names were omitted that only the *Evening Post* stood out and continued to carry it. Then in the mid-nineties came the Rhinehart Commission, and suitable legislation at Albany. The League felt its strength growing, and turned to other mercantile establishments than stores—to laundries, canneries, restaurants, garment-making shops, and so on. It attacked not merely the inhumane employer, but the thoughtless, arrogant, and unfair purchaser. Its influence was lent, indeed, to make buying and selling fairer and more considerate on both sides. From New York, branches spread over the country.

Mrs. Nathan's book is a graphic, business-like, and brief history of the expansion and success of the movement. She relates how in 1899 the National Consumers' League was organized with headquarters in New York, and Mrs. Florence Kelley—whom Altgeld had made chief factory inspector in Illinois in 1893—was called to be the general secretary. As Mrs. Nathan says, for more than a quarter century Mrs. Kelley has been the great driving force behind the League's manifold activities. The early Christmas shopping campaign was instituted; the white label devised, and sewed into garments or posted on goods which the League certified to have been manufactured under proper conditions; and "welfare legislation" was pushed in one State after another. Child labor was assailed, the sweatshop was diminished, and the Saturday half holiday and 48-hour week were established in public opinion as desirable goals. The League pushed even into foreign lands. This history closes with a roll-call of the State organizations and a summary of their activities. It is plain that the League is more vigorous than ever, and that its impress upon laboring conditions and its contribution to economic efficiency will grow steadily larger.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND. By *Edward Hutton*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR. By *Clarence Edward Macartney*. Dorrence. $3.

OUT OF THE PAST. By *R. W. Postgate*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

CIVILIZATION OR CIVILIZATIONS. By *E. H. Goddard* and *P. A. Gibbons*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE VANISHED EMPIRE. By *B. L. Putnam Weale*. Macmillan. $5.

A HISTORY OF MINNESOTA. By *William Watts Folwell*. Vol. III. Minnesota Historical Society.

SWEDEN AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By *Adolph B. Benson*. New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE AND THE INTERNATIONAL COURT. By FRANCES KELLOR and ANTONIA HATVANY. Seltzer. 1925. (A. & C. Boni). 1926.

With the publication of this book as a continuation of her works on "Security Against War," Miss Kellor takes up the League of Nations in its juridical aspects. With the collaboration of Miss Hatvany, she has produced a very thorough study of the objections to our entry into the World Court, and one which is still of great political moment in spite of the Senate resolutions in favor of entry with reservations. The fate of several administration senators who have faced their constituents in the Middle West shows how widespread is the sentiment in those parts in support of the fears about our entry voiced in this volume.

Miss Kellor clearly feels that she has a mission. Although her book was published some time prior to the passage of the Senate Resolutions, she has pertinently criticized the Harding-Hughes proposals which form the basic conditions of our entry into the Court. Her conclusions are that, so long as the administration of the Court is vested in the League, there is no way to escape the political implication of partial membership in the League. Still she feels that the United States may safely join the Court if it can secure the following conditions: That the Court be granted fiscal autonomy, and that the United States will recognize no obligations to participate in the election of judges, the application of sanctions, or of advisory or confidential opinions.

The book is an expression of the fears manifested in the Senate and voiced by men like Borah, Reed of Missouri, and Jim Watson. It radically traverses the opinions of jurists like Manley O. Hudson and de Bustamente as to the significance and the development of the jurisprudence of the Court up to this time. The compromise conclusions seems a little forced and more than a little contradictory to some of the most important theses developed in the body of the examination.

(*Continued on next page*)

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July 9th, 1663—"Abroad, it raining, to Blackfriars, and there went into a little ale-house, and here I kissed three or four times the maid of the house, who is a pretty girl but very modest."

Samuel Pepys was born in 1633, the son of a tailor, graduated from Magdalene College, Cambridge, and married when he was 22 and his wife 15, with not a penny between them. For years he was Secretary of the Admiralty. In appearance he was a smallish man, bright-eyed, and sprucely dressed—"Dapper Dickey," he signed himself to Mrs. Knipp. He had an astonishing physical energy and industry, and a marked susceptibility to feminine charms. "His name is never mentioned without a twinkle. . . . an implication that we are all like that at bottom, and that his Diary is the kind we should all keep if we were honest with ourselves."

"Everybody's Pepys will be successful immediately as an apt Christmas present."—*The Saturday Review of Literature.*

Of Shepard's drawings: "Whether he is shown sitting, outwardly decorous, at prayers with his wife and a demure maid or two, or kissing ladies on the stairs for forfeits, he is the real, human Pepys that we know and love."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

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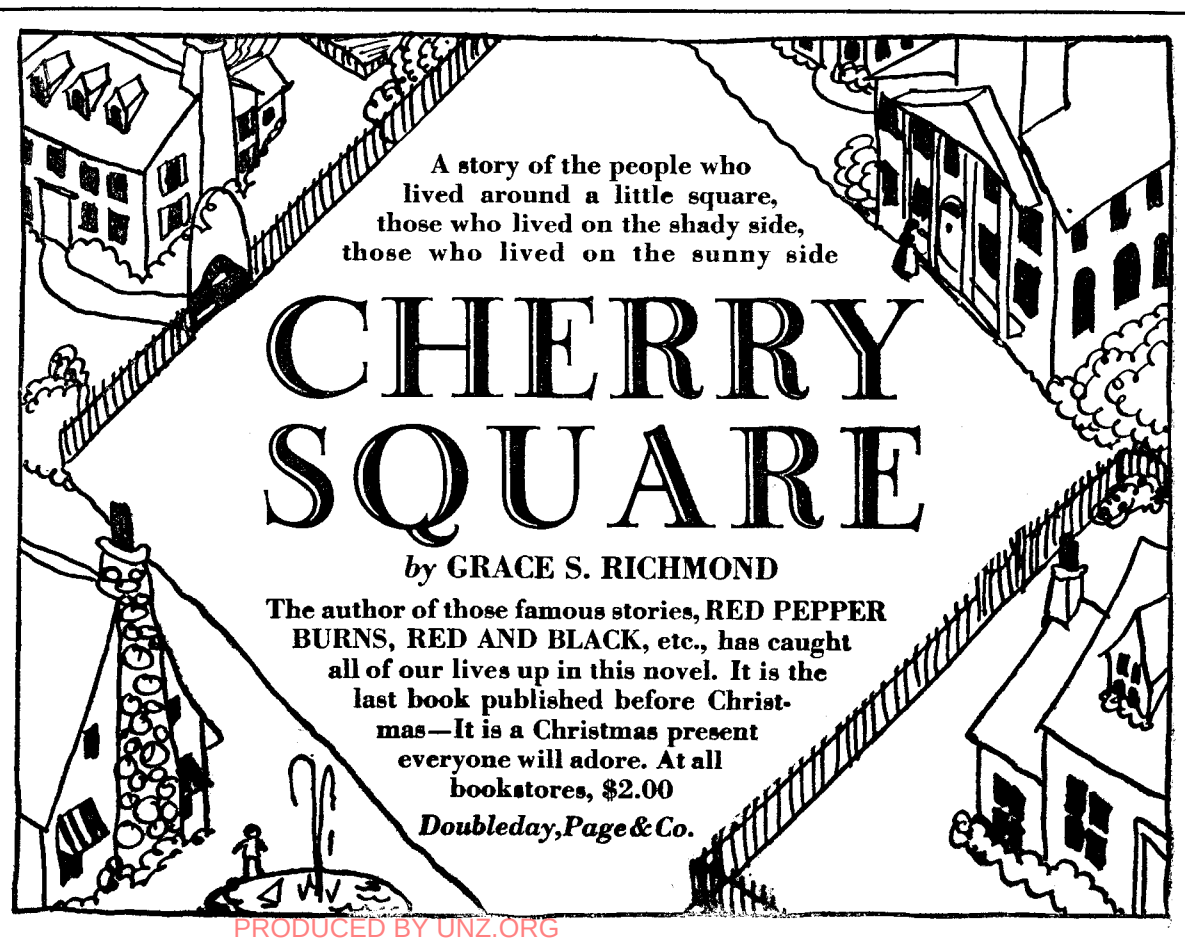
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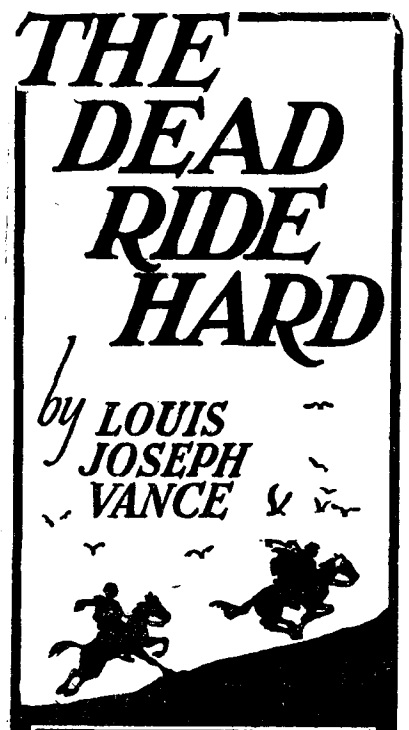

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The New Books

International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE NEW BALKANS. By *Hamilton Fish Armstrong.* Harpers. $3.

THE BRITISH GENERAL STRIKE. By *Scott Nearing.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

Juvenile

PATSY'S BROTHER. By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL. Harpers. 1926. $1.75.

This book, a sequel to "The Little Great Lady," has such diversity of plot, both in scene and subject-matter, that it suffers from the point of view of artistic unity. In a sense, it falls apart. But the contents page disarms us by recording Parts $, II, and III; and also the varying material will interest a young reader, each part for its own sake, to the probable extent of eclipsing any sense of lack of the unity aforesaid.

Patsy is a "horsey" little outdoor English girl, gay and irrepressible, to whom school is an unhappy superfluity. The scenes of pony training, and cross-country riding are succeeded by chapters in which Patsy's ambition and imagination are stimulated to reconsider school as something for which life really has a need. Later comes her chance to develop as a dancer under the guidance of a stage favorite, and along with this a secondary plot about her adored brother Michael, who turns out to be a young Russian prince, and not a brother except by adoption; but who at the last moment is saved from being removed to a strange Russian family, and is left in his happy English foster-home. All this sounds very disconnected, and indeed it is. But all the chapters are well written, and will be found interesting—especially the typically English scenes to an American child.

Miscellaneous

LAD: A DOG. By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. With Illustrations by ROBERT L. DICKEY. Dutton. 1926. $3.

A well deserved, handsome reissue is here accorded to one of the most readable canine biographies of our time. The book is composed of twelve epic episodes in the long life of "Lad," Mr. Terhune's incomparable collie, "a thoroughbred in body and soul." These tales range from the knightly animal's mating in his youth with "Lady," to his ever generous defense of weaker creatures, his exploits in saving life, his reluctant capture of dog-show championships, his patiently borne suffering from man's misunderstanding, and end with his last battle, in extreme old age, against two traitorous members of his kind. Amazing as are "Lad's" demonstrations of fidelity, bravery, intelligence, and nobility of character, they never seem wholly incredible. Mr. Terhune, in the rôle of "Lad's" historian, of necessity draws upon his own faculty of imagination, but never to the extent of endowing his hero with attributes which are not in some measure familiar to every lover of blue-blooded collies.

AMONG US CATS. By W. E. HILL. Harpers. 1926. $2.

It seems to us that the style of draughtsmanship Mr. Hill employs for his cats is in some instances wooden and inexpressive, though the scenes and episodes he selects are cleverly chosen. The detail of the different drawings is usually amusing. The cover of the book and frontispiece have a great deal of amusing charm and suggest that if all the drawings could have been presented in color instead of black and white (an expensive process, we will admit), the total effect would have been greater.

Despite the fact that we do not value "Among Us Mortals," it is the work of a satirist who can execute such conceptions as "She Never Knew," "Wedded But No Wife," "The Recital," "Unruly Arthur," and that is saying much.

THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC BY MEANS OF THE DUO-ART. By PERCY A. SCHOLES. Oxford University Press. 1926. $2.

For the owner of a Duo-Art, a cursory and satisfactory treatment of the more common musical forms, with brief structure-analyses of a number of famous compositions. These compositions traverse the historical gamut from Bach and Handel to Chopin, Wagner, and Greig, and are played through Duo-Art recording by such first rank artists as Landowska, Samuel Bauer, Carreño, Ganz, Leginska, Rubinstein, Grainger, and others. A biographical sketch, tabloid form, of the composer's life precedes the explanatory discussion and simple analysis of each composition, and the volume is concluded with a mechanical aid to players of either an electric, or foot-propelled, Duo-Art. Withal, it is a helpful, and not uninteresting, little book for the person who plays a Duo-Art and wishes to understand better the composition he plays; who is desirous of playing that composition more intelligently and of seeing its proper place in the edifice of music history.

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO RADIO. By PERCY A. SCHOLES. Oxford University Press. 1926. $2.

A useful handbook of music for the conscientious radio-listener. It will help him to listen more intelligently and enjoyably to the music brought by radio into the intimacy of his sitting-room. Beginning with a many-sided discussion of the question, "What *is Music?*" this medium-sized volume continues with an easy synopsis of musical form and history, with the inclusion of a helpful bibliography of literary works on various phases of music, to which the more progressive listener will want to refer. A short treatise on the modern orchestra follows, with verbal descriptions of the characteristic tone qualities of its members; while additional chapters on Wagner and his music dramas, on chamber music, on songs, on good singing and playing, and on musical prejudice in the listener, complete a volume which fulfils, readably and adequately, the writer's laudable intention, and which should not be overlooked by the radio-listener who wishes to become a less passive member of the great sitting-room audience.

TALES OF THE ANGLER'S ELDORADO. By ZANE GREY. Harpers. 1926. $5.

Always fond of fishing, Zane Grey, with the financial success which has followed his pen in producing what the press agent describes as "high powered Western drama" has been happily able to follow his angling proclivities, with the most complete equipment possible, and has become a great sea angler—probably one of the foremost experts in this thrilling sport.

The game with rod and reel, ploughing the deep sea, he has acquired to perfection and he plays it with a religious regard for high sportsmanship which must command admiration. There is something almost noble in this attitude of the devout sportsman to be true and honest and fair in every particular. No self deception nor deception of anyone else.

The present volume is similar to Grey's "Tales of Fishing in Virgin Seas," and makes a worthy companion. This one tells the story of the wonderful fishing possibilities in the seas around New Zealand as well as the fine inland fishing there.

The government of New Zealand was partly responsible for this adventure into New Zealand waters. Mr. Grey was invited for the purpose of demonstrating to the local fishermen and sportsmen the advantages of the latest developments in equipment, but, as is so often the case, the New Zealanders were quite content—the sportsmen thought they knew and the market fishermen were in to get fish by any possible means. Mr. Grey discovering this very soon gave up trying to show the superiority of the single hook, the reel on top of the rod instead of under it, etc., and went on with his own enjoyment in com-

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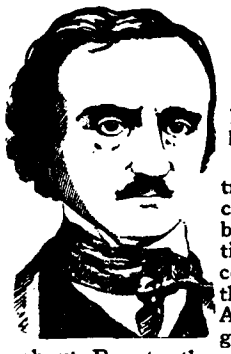

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pany with Captain Mitchell, another sportsman of the admirable type.

Nevertheless, Mr. Grey declares, "the New Zealand coast is destined to become the most famous of all fishing waters." There the huge swordfish and tuna are astonishingly abundant and when one of these monsters takes the single hook the angler finds himself in for a terrific battle for, say, four hours unless the line breaks. But when the triple hook as used in New Zealand is taken by the fish it is swallowed, the fish is sick, and after a short play he is pulled to the surface with his stomach hanging out! The New Zealanders see nothing unsportsmanlike in this it seems.

"I wanted only to help these anglers to enjoy vastly finer and more thrilling and fairer sport," says Mr. Grey.

He caught one Black Marlin eleven feet eight inches long, weighing 704 pounds as well as numerous other big fish ranging in weight from 200 to 300 or more pounds. Captain Mitchell's record was much the same with the world's record Black Marlin of 976 pounds caught on a 36-thread line. The full record of both sportsmen is given with the kind of line used.

Two hundred specimens, mounted, have been presented by Mr. Grey to the American Museum of Natural History in New York and he plans to add to the collection from time to time.

Besides the accounts of the fishing, the author, in some delightful descriptive passages, reveals the soul of an artist. He is furthermore something of a critic. "I found out long ago," he remarks, "that a great many people who think they travel to see and learn really travel to eat and drink." He is not the only traveler who has discovered this overpowering consideration for food in many of his fellow travelers.

The book is handsomely illustrated from photographs but many of the plates have no descriptive matter on them and the reader will find this annoying.

A HISTORY OF THE ROBBERIES AND MURDERS OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS PIRATES. By CAPTAIN CHARLES JOHNSON. Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $6.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE LIVES AND ROBBERIES OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS HIGHWAYMEN, ETC. By CAPTAIN ALEXANDER SMITH. Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. Brentanos. 1926. $7.

Here are two large fat volumes to delight the lover of grand old scoundrels and their exciting deeds. The big broad pages of both books are uniform in size. Both were printed by Headley Brothers in London. Both are importations under the same editorship. Mr. Hayward, the editor, tells us that nothing is known of Captain Charles Johnson or of Captain Alexander Smith. He thinks that the name of the former may even be an assumed one. But that they were "captains courageous" in undertaking exhaustive histories of the criminal exploits of their times these volumes are ample evidence. Captain Johnson's history of the pirates is reprinted from the fourth edition of his original "General History" (1726), which was then enlarged to two volumes. Captain Johnson's random punctuation has been altered and his spelling modernized. The edition of Captain Smith's account of famous highwaymen, footpads, shoplifts and cheats of both sexes is reprinted from the 5th edition of the original work, published in three 12mo volumes in 1719. Here again spelling and punctuation have been modernized. The phraseology in both volumes has been left untouched, save where, in the former volume an elucidating word or modern place-name has been inserted in brackets. The pirate volume is properly bound in black adorned with a golden skull and crossbones. The lives of the highwaymen is bound in red with a large hand-lettered paper label.

All the most storied pirates are included in the dark deeds of the buccaneers, and the book is a fitting companion volume to Esquemeling and others. Captain Kidd, Captain Teach (*alias* Blackbeard), Major Stede Bonnet, Mary Read and Anne Bonney, the female pirates, are companioned by Captain Avery and his crew, Captain Batholomew Roberts and about thirty others. There is a page of definitions of the old seagoing craft, a description of Magadoxa, an account of the trial of the pirates at Providence, and an abstract of the Law in relation to Piracy, as well as a thorough index to the book. The volume on the highwaymen, etc. contains also a Thieves' New Canting Dictionary, a Thieves' Grammar, Thieves' Key Found Out, and Thieves' Exercise, all supplements to the original. The pirates are illustrated by eighteen and the highwaymen by sixteen plates from contemporary sources. Altogether these books are invaluable to anyone especially interested in famous rogueries and banditries of the eighteenth century.

SO THIS IS JAZZ. By HENRY O. OSGOOD. Little, Brown. 1926. $3.

Of all the books, to say nothing of mere "articles," we have read on Jazz, this is by far the most interesting and enlightening. Mr. Osgood is one of the comparatively few commentators on popular music who could so much as explain the difference between the major and minor modes, to say nothing of the really complex problems of music, to save his life. And that in itself is reassuring, since an opinion that is backed up by knowledge is worth far more than that which is merely the expression of temperamental preference. "So This Is Jazz," indeed, reflects a very broad and sound musical education, but for all that there is a great deal in it to which exception must be taken by those who still find the greater part of American popular music banal and vapid beyond words.

Flexibility of viewpoint, of course, is one of the most important of all requirements on the part of any critic and Mr. Osgood has it in notable degree. We cannot, however, follow him quite as far as he goes. For instance, is he, or anybody else, right in sanctioning the arrant theft of themes from the masters by jazz writers on the ground that such "borrowing," as he charitably calls it, puts good music within the reach of the masses? If these writers are incapable of melodic invention, as they are for the greater part, apparently, let them, when they do their cribbing, publish their sources. In no other way can they even so much as suggest honesty.

Neither can we agree with Mr. Osgood in his wholesale acceptance of so much that, to us, is mere racket and pandering to base musical instincts. What we do admire about his book, besides its erudition, is the entertaining manner in which it is written, its light touches of humor and its thoroughness. It traces the history of jazz from its beginning to George Gershwin's Piano Concerto, which it calls "the most important contribution to American musical literature to date." There are many interesting biographical sidelights of different popular composers and jazz "virtuosi"—Whiteman, Lopez, Berlin, Lewis, Confrey and others, and in addition to photographic portraits, the volume is illustrated with excerpts from scores the author considers especially significant. The analysis of these scores is clever, but it is far above the heads of readers who have no technical musical knowledge.

A hearty word of praise is due the publishers for the general excellence of the book as an example of typography and binding.

LOVE-LIFE IN NATURE. By *Wilhelm Bölache*. A. & C. Boni. 2 vols.

AMONG US CATS. By *W. E. Hill*. Harpers. $2.

READ 'EM AND WEEP. By *Sigmund Spaeth*. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

LAD: A DOG. By *Albert Payson Terhune*. Dutton.

EXTENSIVE READING REPORT BLANKS. Arranged by *Otto F. Bond*. University of Chicago Press. 30 cents.

WILD BIRDS IN CITY PARKS. By *Herbert Eugene Walter* and *Alice Hall Walter*. Macmillan. $1.50.

THE YANKEE WHALERS. By *Clifford W. Ashley*. Houghton Mifflin. $20.

PITMAN'S BOOK OF SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS. Pitman. 85 cents.

SPORT IN FIELD AND FOREST. By *Ozark Ridley*. Appleton. $2.

THE COMPLETE PLAYCRAFT BOOK. By *Patten Beard*. Stokes. $2.50.

THE NEW BOOK OF AMERICAN SHIPS. By *Captain Orton P. Jackson* and *Col. Frank E. Evans*. Stokes.

ADVANCED EQUITATION. By *Baretto de Souza*. Dutton. $7.

LIVING TRUSTS. By *Gilbert T. Stephenson*. Crofts.

THE OIL WAR. By *Anton Mohr*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

MUSIC AND MUSIC-MAKERS. By *Constance Morse*, Harcourt, Brace. $3.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF MUSIC. By *Henry T. Finck*. Funk & Wagnalls.

Philosphy

EMOTION AND INSANITY. By S. THALBITZER. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.50.

We are unfairly prejudiced against this book by its jacket statement. To say that the "emotions of the insane have seldom been brought into relation with normal psychology" is to ignore the great trend of

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Philosophy

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the last two decades and more. It is true that this work—we have it here in translation—belongs to earlier days. Its references date back at least twelve years, a long period in this field, as things are. It is not strange, therefore, that we find the older descriptive form of discussion of the external manifestations of manic-depressive psychosis, however keenly the author has observed and analyzed these fluctuations of feeling and psychomotor activity, and however appreciatively he has recognized their relation to normal variations in mood and action. Today we expect more: the inner meaning of such manifestations, the striving of a personality as the source of emotional contradictions, are the themes which now occupy psychology and psychiatry. They belong to a dynamic conception far richer than that which the author criticizes in an earlier writer. Furthermore, we speak with less confidence than formerly of brain "centers" of feeling and the like, just as we less readily dismiss from discussion the entire bodily organism as the vehicle or "correlate" of mental activity.

Nevertheless, Dr. Thalbitzer writes as one who prepares the way. He stresses the closeness of psychology and physiology, but protests against the incompleteness of mechanistic psycho-physiological methods. He emphasizes psychic facts as processes, not states. He warns against futile and misleading grasping after-causes. He presents the promising theory of cell tonus as the basis of pleasure and displeasure. His thought is profound and stimulating, even where his viewpoint has been surpassed.

PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION. By R. M. OGDEN. Harcourt, Brace. 1926.

He who reads psychology must run if he will keep abreast and understand its latest "pattern." But the reward does not always equal the effort, unless the goal is simply to "keep up." Readers who wish new light on the ideas and antics of their fellow men are apt to find that they have *mastered a new language only to find it* hiding ideas which are already familiar. Within one generation psychologists have set before us three new languages. No sooner has the public learned to talk easily of complexes, transfer of affect and censors, œdipus and inferiority complexes, and a heroic sex instinct, the libido, than it finds there are no instincts, that most of these Freudian matters are conditioned responses to physical stimuli, reinforced by the action of endocrine glands. Now comes a new vocabulary. There are no stimuli and no responses in the behaviorists' sense. There is only a total situation, a configuration, which is the occasion for an act which is not made up of many muscular contractions, but is simply itself, unanalyzable. The world is made up of patterns and configurations, and our appreciation to fit in act and deed is also pattern, figuration and rhythm. "When I contemplate the plains of a flat country," says Professor Ogden, "I participate in the rhythm of flatness, and feel myself stretching out towards the horizon of the landscape." Harassed teachers who had brought themselves up to date in the psychology of stimulus and response will now find themselves hopelessly behind the times. The psychology of *gestalt* (pattern) is now being talked in the centers of psychological fashion, which do for psychology what Deauville and the Riviera do for clothes.

Professor R. M. Ogden's book is avowedly an American statement of the German *gestalt psychologie*, which has appeared in English in Koffka's "The Growth of the Mind," and in Köhler's "The Mentality of Apes." The followers of the *gestalt* movement take a very critical attitude toward attempts to explain behavior in terms of stimuli, nervous pathways, and muscles. Stimuli always occur massed in total situations and have a total effect. To analyze the situation into separate stimuli or the effect into separate movements is misleading and false. In this there is a large element of truth. But what Professor R. M. Ogden, or the German configurationists can do about it except to name the total situation a pattern, and what practical bearing this can have on education, has not yet been made clear.

ADVENTURES ON THE BORDERLANDS OF ETHICS. By *Richard C. Cabot, M.D.* Harpers. $2.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY. By *W. H. R. Rivers.* Harcourt, Brace. 5.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY. By *Roy Wood Sellars.* Macmillan.

THE PATHWAY TO REALITY. By *Viscount Haldane.* Dutton. $5.

Poetry

THE MISTRESS AND OTHER SELECT POEMS. By ABRAHAM COWLEY. Edited by John Sparrow. London: The Nonesuch Press. 1926.

It is hardly necessary to say that, since this book comes from the Nonesuch Press, it is a beautiful example of bookmaking. In a day when metaphysical poetry is returning somewhat to its ancient popularity the best work of this fine seventeenth century poet is welcome in a new edition.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE. By WILLIAM BLAKE. Minton Balch. $5.

"Songs of Innocence" is here reproduced complete from one of the two copies in the British Museum, in the size and colors of the original edition, which was printed and colored by Blake himself. This classic has never heretofore been available, except at high collectors' prices, in this form. It is simply and attractively bound in black, stamped in gold, and is an unusually tasteful gift-book.

THE POETRY OF NONSENSE. By EMILE CAMMAERTS. Dutton. $1.75.

M. Cammaerts writes rather heavily about the nonsense of Lear, Carroll and that masterpiece of moonshine, as yet insufficiently known, "Biography for Beginners." The negative side of his essay overbalances the affirmative and thus bears out his admission that it is far easier to say what is not nonsense than to say what it is. Like Mr. Robert Graves, M. Cammaerts wonders why it is that nonsense verse, at its best, stimulates the imagination. Unlike Mr. Graves he does not provide any very satisfactory explanation. He would have us appeal to the child in cases where we doubt the nonsensical character of a poem or story. This is weak. "It is more healthy," writes our author, "to argue that a cow was able to jump over the moon because a wicked witch flung her net over it and dragged it to the earth, than to declare that the cow is a bull and that its pranks are justified through the position of this constellation in the sky." But is it? If so the healthy way is not the nonsensical way.

We recall that Mr. Chesterton (himself a *magnificent nonsense creator*) has discussed just such alternatives as these in many a brilliant page since he first declared his principles in "Orthodoxy." M. Cammaerts would have it that nonsense upsets logic. But Mr. Chesterton has produced a better argument for nonsense on the grounds that it follows a more logical logic than almost anything else. Nonsense does not necessarily involve an expedition into topsy-turveydom. Its secret is rather to be attributed to the nonsense maker's insistently logical development of a situation not illogical, but merely incongruous from the outset. Thus Mr. Hilaire Belloc (who ought to have found a resting place in M. Cammaerts's bosom) mentions his

. . . aunt in Yucatan
Who bought a python from a man.

And surely there is a logic higher than logic in Mr. J. C. Squire's nonsensical "Epigrammatic Epigram"

You say, my friend, that Gladstone always bid
The light be darkness and the dark be light:
I quite agree—doubtless you may be right:
All I can say is, Gladstone never did.

Neither in Mr. Cammaerts's space nor in ours is there room to wring the heart out of the mystery he proposes. We suspect that if nonsense—or, to be more precise, the effect of nonsense, is to be explained at all we must await the coming of another Kant. The Critique of Pure Nonsense will probably turn out to be the same thing as a "Critique of Pure Reason." On these lines Mr. Robert Graves, the English poet, has already written what is, perhaps, the most valuable contribution to the criticism of nonsense literature. M. Cammaerts's criticism is generally emotive and superficial. But his little book, if for no more than its borrowed illustrations and quotations, is good reading.

I SING THE PIONEER. By ARTHUR GUITERMAN. Dutton. $2.

Arthur Guiterman is one of the most accomplished of our writers of light verse. Here he presents ballads of historical interest, together with some slighter work. His technique is always clever. His Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, his "The Tall Men," his Anthony Wayne, new Yankee Doodle and ballad of "Quivira" (reprinted from an earlier volume) are all in fine swinging rhythm. A homely fantasy such as "What the Gray Cat Sings" is as deftly turned as one would wish. His final survey of the U. S. A. is adroitly rhymed. Mr.

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Guiterman does not produce great poetry or poetry even intermittently superlative, but with both feet firmly on the ground he excels as a versifying craftsman. Sometimes he is too obvious and prosaic, but usually an original twist to traditional method relieves his work. He takes his place in contemporary American literature rather as a latter-day Oliver Wendell Holmes, wit, graceful sentimental poet, balladist of verve and originality.

DON JUAN. By LORD BYRON. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $6.

This special new illustrated edition of an old masterpiece contains ninety-three illustrations and decorations by the sophisticated and accomplished English draughtsman, John Austen. He is eminently fitted by style and predilection to adorn the pages of the most Byronic of Byron's narrative poems. He and his publisher, the Bodley Head, (for the book is an importation) have made an exceptionally attractive volume. This is a superbly artistic gift and table book for those who like ginger hot i' the mouth.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT AND THE ODE TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE. By MICHAEL DRAYTON. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 60c.

This delightful brochure was printed at Stratford-upon-Avon at the Shakespeare Head Press for Edwin Valentine Mitchell. The decorations are by Thomas Lowinsky. There is a short introduction and then follow the brave staves of glorious Drayton. The letterpress is all that it should be to enshrine them.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA. By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $6.

This is a new edition limited to three thousand numbered copies. The illustrations are by Hamzeh Carr. The introduction is by Sir E. Denison Ross. The plates are all in color and of much distinction. Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, first published in 1879, really introduced the life of Buddha and the doctrines of Buddhism to Western readers. Today we have many popular works on Buddhism. But it is nevertheless valuable to possess in such a beautiful new edition a poem which remains, aside from the style of its verse (which is antiquated), a landmark in popularized scholarship. This edition is printed in and imported from England.

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1926. Edited by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE. Boston: B. J. Brimmer. 1926. $4.

This, the fourteenth volume in Mr. Braithwaite's long series of annual magazine anthologies, is perhaps the most ambitious collection he has made. The value of the mass output of magazine verse naturally differs with every year. So much has been included in each of Mr. Braithwaite's anthologies that it is impossible to enter here into an exhaustive analysis of the merit of the work in comparison with that of former compilations. The new volume serves its annual purpose in bringing together in this "Sesqui-Centennial Edition" all the at all notable magazine contributions and in presenting a yearbook of American poetry thoroughly indexed with appendices valuable to librarians. This particular edition is dedicated to the memory of Sidney Lanier and Part I contains a series of introductory essays on Poetry in the United States. These are written by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, William Rose Benét, E. Merrill Root, Glenn Hughes, James Southall Wilson, Dawson Powell, Willard Johnson, the late George Sterling, Mary Austin, Thomas Walsh, Henry Harrison, Alain Locke, Josef Washington Hall, and Marianne Moore. The poetry of New England, of the Middle Atlantic States, of the Mid-West, the Northwest, the South, the Southwest and the Pacific Coast each has its treatment. Amerindian verse, the work of the Catholic poets, of the Jewish poets, of the Negro poets, and of those susceptible to the Pacific-Asian influence, each is pigeonholed in a separate essay. But by this means a comprehensive view of versifying in these States emerges. The exhibits that follow in Part II, the anthology of poems themselves, display various styles, manifold manners. In the best of the lyrics and longer poems the old forms —or variants of the old forms—persist. There is a good deal of trivial stuff included, but then there is a good deal of trivial stuff contributed to the magazines. There are some omissions and inclusions strange to this reviewer. For an instance, no poem of Herbert Gorman's is included while a number of those by Scofield Thayer are given. There can be no question that Gorman is by far the better poet. Also the Biographical Dictionary of Poets in the United States, the last appendix to the book, though somewhat saved by the italics "*First Series,*" is quite incomplete. There are other strictures that might be made, other exceptions that might be taken, and yet the book as a whole is a valuable reference volume and a work that reflects credit upon the editor for his comprehensive compiling. Mr. Braithwaite has now, year by year, made available in compact form, a great deal of the best poetry, appearing in periodicals. He has thus saved future anthologists of our period a great deal of search and assay. Taken in series his books are a useful runing commentary upon American verse.

THE INNER HARBOR. By WILBERT SNOW. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $1.75.

Comparison is inevitable between the New England lyrics and *genre* pictures of Wilbert Snow and those of his forerunner, Robert Frost. If Mr. Snow's work had come first, it must have proved more seductive and surprising. Tennyson's epigram on the post-Tennysonians, who could easily raise the flowers, having "got the seed," comes at once to mind. The best poems of Robert Frost are altogether of a higher order than any verses contained in the present volume.

Yet Mr. Snow's work is very far from despicable. His blank verse is monotonous in movement, although it sometimes achieves a nice blending of familiarity and dignity. His freer rhythms are perhaps more personal to him, more successful. Te remains, however, a sincere and conscientious artist, never an inspired one. You will find the strange, slow magic and almost unearthly (or perhaps most deeply earthy) wisdom of "Mending Wall" or "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" in these pages, though you may well be moved by the somewhat rhetorical majesty of Mr. Snow's "chestnut stallion rising from the sea. . . .

—the horse alone
Standing like some great statue wrought in bronze;

or by firm touches of direct observation, as *A clamshell-colored stretch of morning sky.* And there is poignancy in his brief lyric

NEW ENGLAND

Inside, gray smoke curls up,
Outside, white flakes troll down
Against bare maple trees
In an old New England town.
Earth lags securely sealed
To any tropic gust,
Like a plain New England heart
Indifferent to lust.
Nestled in little hills
A waning breed of men
Birth-date their head-stones,—
What is left then?

SCARLET AND MELLOW. By ALFRED KREYMBORG. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

Most of the verse in Mr. Kreymborg's new book is puzzling and obscure even after a careful third reading. He often appears to be making the attempt to see things, as it were, from several angles all at once. Thus many of his pieces, like "Diminuendo" and "Parallels," resemble the negative of a photographer who has neglected to change his film between takings. When he is in the mood Mr. Kreymborg can be as plain as the next man. At such time he reveals an observant, rather critical temperament which usually has something stimulating to say. In "Factory Girl" he casts his slough altogether.

Someone has lured dark Egypt to the slums
For here she comes and there she goes, a queen
Incognito and cool, her step soft drums—
The girl that Cleopatra might have been.

and so on through two further stanzas. In "Scarlet and Mellow" this is the exception and not the rule. His powers of communication are generally defective, which is not to say that he has nothing to communicate. Between his lines there are hints of considerable meaning. But it is doubtful that the author is making as great an effort on his part as his verse demands from the reader. In "The Buttercup," for instance, one is hard put to it to know what Mr. Kreymborg is driving at:

One might find it down in a buttercup:
Leave it to pollen and cover you up:
Little to hear but a lullaby there:
If not the silence, the wind in the air
Will swing the cradle and not stir you up,
Scatter the pollen, but not spill the cup.

It is not easy to be sure of the antecedents of "it" and even of "you." This is only a mild example of the kind of obstacle placed by the author between himself and the kindest reviewer. It is not to be understood that "Scarlet and Mellow" will yield nothing to a patient and painstaking reader. Mr. Kreymborg (who may have been dipping into "The Meaning of Meaning") confesses in one wholly intelligible

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

poem that he is "transcribing the sensations occasioned by the fancied impact between objects and himself." Unless he is merely trifling with metaphysics he will probably be the first to admit that a different cast of mind might fail completely to interpret some of his other transcriptions. Many of his briefer pieces are a little too trivial to consort with such an explanation of his dominating manner and method. The obvious comment on such a piece as "Disgrace: (For D.K.)"

I do
neither you nor me
honor by falling in love with you:
it's much too easy.

is that it is indeed much too easy to write like this. Some of his quasi-didactic verses ("Intellectual," "Paradox," and, particularly "Listening to a Moralist") are really subtle and help to compensate for such lapses; and despite the flatness and obscurity of "Diminuendo" one cannot but respect the presence of some reference which makes it one of the most vital poems in the book. Mr. Kreymborg eschews much that is difficult in the traditional art of metrical composition. The alternative difficulties of intelligible expression which he has set himself are no less difficult; but they do not take us very far in the way of sympathy and understanding. To say whether this is our fault or his would be to answer most of the questions which criticism, sooner or later, will be compelled to face concerning the "new" poetry. In the meantime, as "Scarlet and Mellow," whatever its shortcomings may be, provides a better example than most of the "newest" approach to poetry, the reader who is interested in such questions may be recommended to solve the matter for himself by studying Mr. Kreymborg.

FURTHER NONSENSE VERSE AND PROSE. By LEWIS CARROLL. (Edited by Langford Reed.) Illustrated by H. M. Bateman. Appleton. 1926. $2.

From the days when Archdeacon Dodgson's son edited home-made magazines at the age of twelve, such as *The Rectory Umbrella*, he displayed cleverness and wit. At Christ Church he edited a college publication in which appeared "A Sea Dirge" now included in this book—though we are positive we have seen it before in an early edition of "Rhyme and Reason." "Mr. Dodgson was ordained a deacon of the Church of England in 1861," Lewis Carroll began. The rest is immortality of nonsense. Enter Alice Liddell and an inspiration. The editor of the present work believes Dodgson's humor to have been essentially "Anglo-Saxon." However that be, in a golden age of literature his star sparkled inimitably apart.

But his "Further Verse and Prose" does not add to its lustre. The contents are gleaned from old magazines and old letters to children. They are only mildly entertaining. Very mildly so. They are but odds and ends and scraps and snippets that hardly warrant book-covers save for the avid collector of the worst with the best.

ST. ERKENWALD. By *Henry L. Savage*. Yale University Press. $2.

STREETS IN THE MOON. By *Archibald MacLeish*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

DON JUAN. By *Lord Byron*. Illustrated by *John Austin*. Dodd, Mead. $6.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA. By *Sir Edwin Arnold*. Illustrated by *Hamzeh Carr*. Dodd, Mead. $6.

THE VISION BEATIFIC. By *John D. Walshe* Macmillan. $1.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE. By *William Blake*. Minton, Balch. $5.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY. By *Donald Bain*. Buffalo: Heacock. $2.

SAPPHIRE NIGHTS. By *Edna Denham Raymond*. A. & C. Boni.

THE SINGING CROW. By *Nathalia Crane*. A. & C. Boni. $2.

SONGS OF THE HELDERHILLS. By *W. W. Cristman*. Vinal. $1.50.

MYSTERY. By *Martha A. Boughton*. Vinal $1.50.

THE ARROW OF LIGHTENING. By *Beatrice* Ravenel. Vinal. $1.50.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CATHOLIC POETS. Compiled by *Shane Leslie*. Macmillan. $$2.

Religion

JESUS A MYTH. By GEORG BRANDES. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.

A review of "Jesus, a Myth" in the original has already appeared in the *Saturday Review*. Now comes the able translation by Edwin Björkman, giving this work to English readers. By now, however, its contentions are sufficiently well known almost to need no translation of this text. The book is not taken seriously by unprejudiced scholars. Historical study of Jesus has long passed the stage where the historicity of Jesus as an actual person is under debate. Interpretations of him and debate as to his authority may still be various, but of his existence there seems no reasonable doubt.

Admittedly many a symbolism enters into the sub-Apostolic records of him. Admittedly the language in many parts of the record is mystical and poetic, not mere dictionary literalness. To base any doubt of Jesus upon Revelations' Apocalyptic utterances shows misunderstanding of the psychology of the Ante-Nicene Church. The bias of the author is evident throughout. Great man that Georg Brandes is, he should have held back this book until he had studied more carefully the great body of recent constructive criticism in which many of his points are dealt with.

BEHIND THE THIRD GOSPEL: A Study of the Proto-Luke Hypothesis. By VINCENT TAYLOR. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $5.50.

Dr. Taylor has proved both his competence and his sobriety of judgment in debated points of New Testament criticism by his excellent work on The Virgin (1920). His present work like its predecessor is timely. Ever since Harnack in 1905 made the Lukan writings his mode of approach to problems of New Testament criticism the two-fold work Luke-Acts has been in active debate among New Testament historians. The third evangelist holds the key to our most pressing problems, not merely because he attempts a task more nearly like that of the modern historian, but because he has taken greater pains to collect historical records. Unfortunately for the critic he has also availed himself to a far greater extent than the less rhetorically skilled of biblical historians, of the author's right of restatement. Hence we have a distinctive "Lukan" style and vocabulary superimposed upon all his sources, making the critic's usual recourse for the distinction of earlier from later strata far less available.

The survey of recent criticisms of the third Gospel by which Taylor leads up to his statement of "The Proto-Luke Hypothesis" begins properly enough with credit given to P. Feine, and the two Weisses, father and son, as founders of the theory, but limits the further development of the theme entirely to English works on the Gospel, not even taking account of the closely connected problem of the authorship and composition of Acts, which has lately been made the subject of a series of very voluminous and important contributions, among which we need only mention the series edited at Cambridge, Mass. by Foakes-Jackson and Kirsopp Lake, entitled "The Beginning of Christianity."

This limitation to the third Gospel only, without corresponding treatment of the second part of the Lukan work is an obvious drawback on the author's conclusions. We may hope for its rectification in some further volume, but not without the expectation that several of the provisional conclusions already expressed will be withdrawn or modified. With this proviso the reader may even take the limitation as an advantage. There have been few adequate treatments of the third Gospel by itself, and some of the best in recent times have been by English critics.

Dr. Taylor's method and scholarship are admirable. His results will go far to establish among the admitted results of New Testament criticism that theory of a special Lukan source in addition to Mark and the Teaching Source (usually designated Q) which Luke has been supposed to have employed by many of the best critics both German and English for the past fifty years. Once this step has been made secure, and the problem of Acts confronted anew in the light of recent research we shall have made important advance toward the solution of the baffling Synoptic Problem.

Dr. Taylor hopes "that the book will be found easy to read by anyone who is not familiar with New Testament Greek," and has avoided transcription of the Greek text with this object in view, except where quotation seemed to be necessary. We echo heartily the hope, but with the caveat that familiarity with New Testament Greek is not the only requisite. The reader who would make proper use of the book will need also some familiarity with the methods and results of documentary criticism as applied to the Gospels, or failing both a very extraordinary degree of determination in the mastery of an interesting but difficult subject.

3
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EVOLUTION AND RELIGION IN EDUCATION. By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN. Scribners. 1926. $2.

Dr. Osborn is one of the few real "authorities" in science who feels missionary responsibility of almost evangelical intensity. This volume is sketchy and extemporaneous, but it is nobly in earnest. It is indeed "polemic" and has all the earmarks of controversial immediacy. The spirit of his master, Huxley, sounds the tocsin of an emergency in contemporary thought, and he leaps to confront the dangerous errors of the mistaken. Always courteous, he nevertheless sees the duty of protecting "our young men and women in the formative stage, on whose right thinking and right conduct the whole future of America depends."

Much of this book will soon be *passé*. The Tennessee Trial was symptomatic of a widespread difference of opinion, but perhaps some of the reportorial mentions of persons are already not of advantage to its pages, since they seem to make it almost as temporary as yesterday's newspaper. The death of Mr. Bryan increases this feeling. Yet the bulk of the subject-matter is of more lasting worth. The critic of contemporary opponents has an armory of knowledge into which we much more desire to penetrate and in which we fain would remain rather than go outside to watch him tilt with this or that lance he has taken down from the wall for his fight. We peer back through the half-open door even while the dust of the fray rises beside us. Perhaps we can steal away and wander in that armory until our own necessity comes, when we can take down a lance or sword to arm ourselves.

We are grateful that science provides contemporary religion with so doughty a champion. If such men as Dr. Osborn did not affirm that religion and science complement each other and that faith must be in consonance with the universe as it is, the youth for whom he is so finely concerned would predominantly misconceive religion and forswear it. Many a passage herein will make the unsettled youth exclaim, "Why, of course!" And that will be that! He will have found that faith and alert intelligence need each other. To have such men as are quoted as his guarantors of essential belief will stabilize the student's mind and heart. Osborn and Millikan and Rathenau and Morgan, Haldane and Pupin are indeed impressive names on the side of spiritual verities.

Dr. Osborn's sword has two sharp edges. The anti-evolutionists feel one, but the other is reserved for materialistic and mechanistic psychologists. It is comforting to all idealists to be assured that American Behaviorism is after all not leading the world, and to be introduced to Emergent Revolution, and kindred doctrines.

A PRACTICAL FAITH. By HAROLD ANSON. Century. 1926. $1.25.

The average, modern-minded believer in essentials will find this book written straight for him, and will exult at the constructive and truly helpful presentation of the things which, after all, are lasting. A faith like this is quite feasible without the sacrifice of intelligence or honesty, whatever may be one's creed or culture. Under every form of belief, such truths as here obtain noble and satisfying utterance ought to be held in agreement.

The famous Rev. "Dick" Sheppard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, with whom Dr. Anson has been a staff-member, quite rightly appraises the book as one that "rescues Christianity from pettiness and ecclesiasticism and gives its appeal the primary place as the greatest and most practical thing in the world. This book is an attempt to show how a man may embrace Christianity without doing violence either to his conscience or his intellect."

Quotations cannot be permitted, for a good third of the two hundred pages are quotable. The usual doubts are keenly analyzed, wheat and chaff in modern thinking are well separated, and there is nutritious food for the mind and heart as the outcome of every brief chapter. Dr. Anson does not mince words. He does not protect the church's errors. He does not dodge issues. He is dead in earnest for Reality. "No other religion can be called religion for thinking people, except that which consists in teaching us to take our part in the eternal purpose. We have to ask ourselves whether there *is* any such certainty in life as may make it possible for us to give ourselves definitely to the practice of a religion which shall be the highest and most rational activity of the soul, and shall continue to hold us when the makeshift religions, based upon a consecration of the present fashions of life, have broken down." Quite demonstrably, the answer to this question is "Yes." For this small volume has helped to demonstrate what that certainty and religion must and will be.

THE GOD OF THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN. By DANIEL S. ROBINSON. Appleton. 1926. $2.

In spite of its title this book is not a defense of liberal theology against fundamentalism, but a comparison of two types of liberal theology, based on current literature. One of these is the modern American humanism that finds its ideal in human melioration, its faith in the progress of humanity, and its ultimate reality not in God but in human social consciousness. Its spokesmen are among others Professors Ames and Haydon of Chicago. The other theology is a new theism which, while it rejects like the other progressive theology the obscurantism of traditional dogma, holds to the belief in a personal God and and in immortality. Among its representatives are counted William James, Hocking, and Wobberim.

To defend the latter in contrast to the former is the purpose of Professor Robinson's book. He shows that we are dealing with two rival social philosophies, two different theological methods, two disparate definitions of religion; he is at pains to point out the defects in method, in logic, in consistency, and in the satisfaction of human needs which the system of the social theologians involves. He defends the belief in God as a biological necessity, compatible both with science and with metaphysics, not inimical to social welfare and desirable if certain human needs are to be met. In discussing the problem of evil he charges the meliorists with evading the fundamental issues and while he makes no claim to solve the problem he regards it as an argument rather for than against the existence of God. Finally he contrasts the new theists' conception of future life as individual immortality in a spiritual world of personal beings and the social theologian's view of social immortality and a continuance of personal influence for a limited stage in the evolutionary process.

While the author is by profession a philosopher at Miami University and uses philosophic terms his analysis is clear and enlightening to the unlabelled modernist who is vaguely aware of the divergences in liberal thinking but has never set himself at distinguishing them clearly. No doubt the humanists can make some reply, but the author will earn the gratitude of those who believe that the true liberalizing of Protestant theology does not necessarily mean dispensing with God and substituting consciousness of unity with humanity and an effort for its improvement. The latter need not exclude the former.

THE SURVIVAL VALUE OF CHRISTIANITY. By JOHN MOFFATT MECKLIN. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

The well-known sociologist attempts in this book by means of an analysis of religion to throw light on the deeper issues of the Fundamentalist-Liberal controversy. His appeal is to a psychological understanding of religion and particularly to the central place of imagination in religion and in life. Both the fundamentalists and the liberals are in error when they regard scientific or historic facts as the main province of religion. Religion is the imaginative expression in symbols of emotional values. If these symbols are taken as fact they will not square with science; if these symbols are rejected because unscientific, religion, emptied of its chief ingredient, is reduced to a powerless restricted body of factual data. These are the methods of the fundamentalists and the modernists respectively. Professor Mecklin describes two other answers to the question, "What is Christianity?" The one treats Christianity as pure myth, the other is the answer of Catholic Modernism. The author's own position in some ways coincides with the latter. He likes the provision for relativity and for change, though he admits that it does not provide for ordinary men an easy synthesis of reality, religion, and modern culture.

Several parts of the book are of special interest. The causes of recent attempted fundamentalist tyranny are assigned to certain conditions of contemporary American life. The rôle of the religious imagination is portrayed, its dangers, and its justifications. The difference between imagination and history is illustrated in the case of Jesus, whose historical character, if it be recoverable at all, differs widely from the imaginative concepts of him that believers have from the earliest time created about him. Finally, religion's limita-

(*Continued on next page*)

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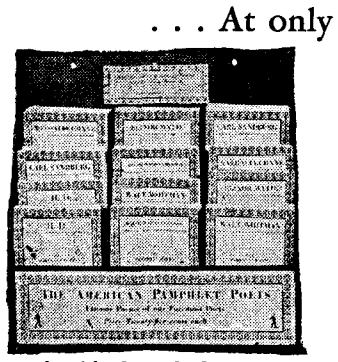

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The New Books

Religion

(Continued from preceding page)

tions are frankly stated. It cannot be trusted to give us that exact knowledge we get from science. It cannot be trusted as a principle of social control. Its proper sphere is the realm of ideals and values. Evidently Professor Macklin believes that here religion has secure "survival value." As a plea for integrity and a guide for sound understanding of the essence of religion, men of all attitudes towards Christianity, not the least those who feel indifferent about it, should welcome this revaluation of what has proved at least a long lived human phenomenon.

SHIN-TO: THE WAY OF THE GODS IN JAPAN. By George Schurhammer. Leipzig: Kurt Schroeder. 1926.

For once, at least, outer jacket and inward contents agree; this is the most sumptuously illustrated book on Japanese religion yet published. Of a high order of scholarship, the text is formed mainly for a critical study of the printed and unprinted reports of the Jesuit missionaries in Japan during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is therefore, besides a trustworthy history, a description also by an eye-witness who is also a scholar. Indigenous religion—mythology, nature worship, without codes of ethics, making the whole scheme one that was mikado-centric, and used first as a weapon for subjugation of aborigines by conquerors, and then as an engine of Government, met with a clash that transformed it. In the sixth century, Buddhism, then a thousand years old, entered Japan with a vast train of civilizing influences.

The result was inevitable after Kobo, Japan's mightiest intellect, taught that the ancient gods of Japan were but avatars of the Buddha. Then, for a thousand years, real Shinto was mixed with and absorbed in Riyobu (amalgamated creeds.) The eighteenth century saw a "Revival of Pure Shinto" which in 1868 resulted, under the new government, in purification and separation, with recovery of the ancient faith.

All this is told with a wealth of scholarship and in lively diction, making this a standard work, worthy of a place in every university library. For those to whom art makes even a stronger appeal, the book has a unique value. Some criticisms are in order. The term shintoism is tautology and Shinto should stand by itself. In the number of illustrations, Nikko has more than its share and Nara and Ise should have more. The American author's first initial W. is dropped in two places. The final chapter on noted places will greatly aid the tourist and there is an index.

Travel

THE LOG OF THE GRAND TURKS. By ROBERT E. PEABODY. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3.75.

This is a book so full of romance it defies description. Briefly it records the voyages and adventures of four sailing craft, all named *Grand Turk*. The shuddering pacifist, the land lubber, land lover, and those persons who abhor rum and blood had better pass this book by. It is great reading for those unregenerate souls who like their fighting at sea and on tilting decks, between men who cheer and curse as they work their old muzzle loading cannon.

The first *Grand Turk*, a ship of three hundred tons, built for Elias Hasket Derby, of Salem, son of Captain Richard Derby, was launched from the Two-Oaks Yard of Thomas Barstow, at Hanover, Mass., in 1781. She was largely paid for in goods. For example, Robert Eels, who wrought the iron work, took his payment in barrels of rum and firkins of butter.

On June 13, 1781, a commission was issued to the ship *Grand Turk* of 28 carriage guns and 120 men, to cruise against the enemies of the United States, under command of Captain Thomas Simmons. What a book, what a book! Get started on it and you feel like swinging a cutlass over your head and leading boarders away.

The spirit of a young republic, a people saturated with salt and the sea, is in the cocky rake of the masts and the defiant set of the sails of that game little brig, the third *Grand Turk*, Captain Austin, saluting the port of Marseilles, in August, 1815, after the war of 1812 during which this little letter of marque took thirty-one prizes. The second and the fourth *Grand Turks* also knew splendid, if less colorful adventures. The last one, a fine modern schooner, was lost off Yucatan, in 1924.

A NOVELIST'S TOUR OF THE WORLD. By VINCENTE BLASCO IBANEZ. Dutton. 1926. $6.

This book should rank among the most fascinating travel books of the world. It is one of Ibañez's best works. It makes one wish that our leading hack writers and journalists would remain at home and that in each generation a great and colorful master of words would record his journey around the world. Ibañez sees life in terms of color and beauty rather than of character. This in spite of the many patriotic American critics who thought "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" a masterpiece.

The book opens with the author in his garden at Menton, Spain, and ends with the author in Egypt. Ibañez does not write in his happiest vein when he describes New York, at which place he arrives in the second chapter. He gives only an ordinary description of the Panama Canal, but from then on—that is from Chapter five to Chapter forty-eight—the last in the book—he is a delightful describer of the charm of travel. He has the background of culture and knowledge of history so necessary to the writing of such a book. He dips into the past here and there in such a manner as to make vivid the different localities he describes. The book is a long procession of delight, a pageant of beauty, from one end of the world to the other.

NEW YORK, NOT SO LITTLE AND NOT SO OLD. By SARAH M. LOCKWOOD. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $3.

The author of "Antiques" here gives us a volume that should make an immediate

(*Continued on page* 440)

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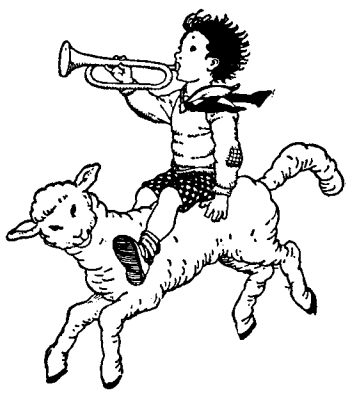

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And kettles on an Elfin fire
Make low and pleasant purring.
And sweetly Elfin fiddles scraped,
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GOOD BOOKS

The Reader's Guide

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

EVERYBODY'S PEPYS. Edited by O. F. MORSHEAD. Harcourt, Brace.

JESTING PILATE. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Doran.

DESERT. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Harpers.

F. T., Soldier's Hospital, Sulphur, Okla., to satisfy an interest in Russian life that has been increasing since service overseas, asks for a few novels of Russia, including one of court life as it was in the decade just before the outbreak of the Great War, and one of the revolution and period of transition. He says reminiscences will do in either of these cases if novels are unavailable.

"O, MOTHER DEAR," by Vladimir Poliakoff (Appleton), is undiluted biography, but for the period I prefer it to any novel and it is more absorbing than most of them are. This is the life of the Empress Marie, sister of Queen Alexandra of England, still living in her childhood's home, Copenhagen. The author is generally recognized, under the name "Augur," as one of the most far-sighted and well-informed writers on foreign politics in British journalism to-day. The curious mingling of monotony and tension that made up court atmosphere for years before the war becomes real to the reader, but to me the invaluable pages are those that illuminate the character of the late Empress Alexandra Feodorovna and its effect upon history, and in so doing place one against the other "the precise forms of the logical Western mind" and "the cloudy formless mentality of the Orient."

As for the revolutionary period, I know but one novel in an English translation, I. Libedinsky's "A Week" (Huebsch), and that seems to be out of print, but I hope it is not out of reach, for it gives an unforgettable report of a time of flux that seems to have passed almost without record in fiction. At least, we have none in our language. For times before the War you have of course the novels of Dostoievsky, especially "The Idiot" and "The Karamazoff Brothers" in Mrs. Garnett's translation (Macmillan), though there is a cheaper Dostoievsky in "Everyman's Library," as not every man knows. Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" goes without saying, and the short stories of Chekhov, especially the volume whose title is from its first story, "The Darling" (Macmillan). By this time the reader will have learned to find his own way about on the book-shelves.

THE Paisley Shawl Episode must be for a moment reopened. I have just had two letters, one from Dr. Mary R. Findlater, Washington, D. C., "a Paisley chiel who is snorting with disdain at any one pitting Paisley in England. Eh whon, the neist thing they'll be moving Edinburgh to Cork!" She reminds us that the city has a history dating back to 600 A. D.: as far back as 1695 its main business was weaving by hand, "and mony a bonnie bit shawl came frae the loom, lang afore the Paisley cam tae be sae unco fashionable."

The other letter is from Frederick Niven, Willow Point, Nelson, British Columbia, and will be taken with delight and gratitude by many a reader of "A Tale that is Told" and other well-loved books:—

"Paisley shawls were made at the town of Paisley in Renfrewshire, Scotland. Between 1805 and the middle of the nineteenth century they were greatly in vogue, their sale, according to Chambers' Encyclopædia, sometimes exceeding one million pounds sterling per annum. I well remember, when I was a very small boy, being taken to visit friends in Paisley by my mother, and how she stopped in a steep street, the sidewalk of which went down in flights of steps, and told me that she wanted me to look at what I would see in a window. She explained that she wanted me to look well because soon what I was to see there would not be seen at all, and that I could say when I was an old man that I had seen it. And I remember it well. A loom was in a long, low window and sitting to one side of it an old man was weaving. Behind him was a dusky interior with one or two shawls hung up there for sale. And we stood awhile outside watching one of the last hand-loom weavers at work. There were even then no young men employed at the craft, the machine age having come.

"I'm glad to say that we possess a very beautiful Paisley shawl left by my mother. I never look at it but I think it deserves a pæan for the beauty of its workmanship, weave, design, and dripping fringe, after the manner of that one that Hergesheimer bestowed on a Spanish shawl in his Havana book."

Weaving and pottery, the wheel and the loom—how they take hold on the imagination! In this spirit I took my own little girl to watch the last old lady who could produce authentic woven carpets upon the last loom in the Pomfrets, Vermont. She was born here of native parents and talked like a woman in Mary Wilkins, but they still called her French, and explained on that basis the taste of her patterns! I have one underfoot at this moment. Now will all the Scots wha hae written in, please accept this as a closing gesture of goodwill?

S. L. S., McAlester, Okla., asks for the names of several good new books for girls from twelve to fourteen.

"PAUL & DYKE, Inc." by Ethel Cook Eliott (Doubleday, Page), stood the test of serial publication in "The American Girl," which has the most up-and-coming readers of any juvenile magazine—at least they write most effectively to the editor about that they like and otherwise and from their reports I can confidently advise the selection of this story. "Becky Landers, Frontier Warrior," by Constance Lindsay Skinner (Macmillan) is a thriller; one is taken to the time in our history when even a young girl had to know woodcraft and the ways of the wilderness, not to get badges, but just to keep alive and unscalped. For the milder-minded there is "Toto and the Gift," by Katherine Adams (Macmillan), a French girl's experiences in and around New York, "Jane," by Archibald Marshall (Dodd, Mead), a delightful English boarding-school story, "A Year at Miss Austin's," by Ethel Bridgeman (Century), in a school within an hour of New York. There are two exciting stories about islands, "Gay's Year on Sunset Island," by Marguerite Aspinwall (Putnam), which hunts for treasure, and Hildegarde Hawthorne's "Island Farm" (Appleton), which goes on in the West Indies with the picturesque household of her "Makeshift Farm" (Appleton), though the book is complete in itself. "Gipsy Man," by Carroll Rankin (Holt), has a heroine going on nine, but the tale is so robust and spirited that I must at least name it here. "Dear Mother Make-Believe," by Mabel Cleland Widdemer (Harcourt, Brace), begins in an orphan asylum and the girl writes letters, but her adventures are quite different from those in "Daddy Long Legs." "Dorothea's Double," by Margaret Johnson (Century), involves a club of both boys and girls of high school age. I used to like these club stories, and I find that girls continue to do so. "Mary and Marcia, Partners," by Helen Cady Forbes (Macmillan), has a charm it is hard to explain; all there is to it is the effort of two girls to earn a sum of money during a summer in the country, but I kept on straight through. The Beacon Hill Book Shelf (Little, Brown), reprints of tried favorites, should be kept in mind and used as a standby whenever the buying of books for this age is in hand: the latest is a new edition of "An Old-Fashioned Girl" with charming colored plates of the period. Young Maud comes out especially well in them, in her party frock.

There is no reason why grown women should not once in a way read a book like these. I was reminded of this lately when half through a completely grown-up novel, "Shot Towers," by J. T. McIntyre (Stokes) and wondering why a book so full of incident should be so curiously restful. It dawned on me at last that, as its action takes place in the eighties, I was not listening for the telephone. There just were not any such sounds in the domestic air then. A good hearty girl's book may rest a woman in much the same way: it puts into a life, abounding and energetic, in which there are not as yet certain insistent and demanding emotional vibrations.

THREE librarians, at Roebling, N. J., Durham, N. C. and Richmond, Cal., tell L. C. R., Oakland, Cal., that "Fanciful Flower Tales", for which she is looking,

(*Continued on next page*)

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Readers Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

is a book of "delightful modern fairy tales of trees and flowers," by Madge A. Bigham (Little, Brown), and one adds that they were written for the author's own kindergarten. The Richmond informant says that anyone in Oakland, the next town to this, can get it at the California School Book Depository. Information through this column may go a long way around, but it arrives. There is another collection by this author, "Merry Animal Tales," in print and published by Little, Brown: these are La Fontaine fables arranged for little children.

O. R. C., Boston, Mass., asks for books in which animals play a leading part, to include in a program of "Animals in Fiction."

CATS have figured in this department in several recent replies and dogs are carefully documented in "A Reader's Guide Book" (Holt), but I am gathering a group of good horse-stories for the new Guide Book; with the echoes of the Rodeo in my ears the only possible work to recommend to this reader is Will James's "Smoky, The Story of a Cow-pony" (Scribner), with pictures jumping straight out of the page. There are all the qualities of a wonderfully good horse-story in this admirable novel, in which there is no love element and in whose last chapter the horse does not die. "The Cowboy and His Interpreters," by Douglas Branch, just published by Appleton, the cowboy as he really is—the author was born and raised in Texas—and the Cowboy of Fiction: The book has many admirable pictures. For the younger reader there is a bookful of stories in "Horses Now and Long Ago," by Lucy Sprague Mitchell (Harcourt, Brace). This has tales about individual horses of past periods, whether hauling immigrant trains or bearing kings in tourneys, and the young reader goes back to the Eohippus before the journey is over.

G. S., Cincinnati, Ohio, says "In response to the query: 'If you could buy but four of this season's books, which would be the best buy, for your personal enjoyment and enrichment?' I would buy Katy Leary's 'A Lifetime With Mark Twain,' 'The Heart of Emerson's Journals,' by Bliss Perry, 'Leaves from a Secret Journal,' by Jane Steger, and 'Adam's Breed,' by Radclyffe Hall."

I AM glad of this letter, not only because it reinforces my own ideas on fiction, but because it gives me a chance to call attention to Jane Steger's illuminating record of spiritual experience, which is published by Little, Brown. Since the year after the war I have been making grateful friends by advising them to read Georges Duhamel's "Possession du Monde," either in the original or in the translation published by the Century Company as "The Heart's Domain."

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page 438*)

appeal to all New Yorkers. It has fascinating end-papers and illustrations by Ilonka Karasz. For the out-of-towner it is an unusual sort of guide-book, displayed most attractively, injecting charming historical comment, discussing all the important landmarks and the city by zones. As you turn the large pages, beguiled by the vivid jacket and cover and by the fine bookmaking of the whole work, you will find a wealth of colorful information about the city.

DOWN THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL AND INTO MEXICO, 1846-1847. The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin. Edited by STELLA M. DRUMM. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

A Kentucky belle of family and wealth, the granddaughter of one Governor and sister-in-law of another, would hardly be thought the woman to make a honeymoon journey down the long Santa Fé trail from the Missouri River to New Mexico; especially at the time in 1846 when the outbreak of hostilities with Mexico was momentarily expected. Yet Susan Shelby Magoffin, a blooming, intelligent girl of eighteen, made this arduous trip with eagerness and enjoyment. She was of pioneer stock, and no hardship or danger was too much for her, so long as her husband was by her side. This husband, Samuel Magoffin, also a Kentuckian, had been engaged for more than a dozen years in the overland trade with Mexico, owning in partnership with his brother James, a large caravan of ox teams. The trip which Susan recorded in her diary has a special interest, for the times were critical and the brothers were drawn into international affairs. James had been sent ahead to New Mexico, with instructions to do all that he could to win the inhabitants of Santa Fé over to the American cause without bloodshed, so that they would receive Gen. Kearney's army peaceably. Samuel was following with the usual caravan of goods, but keeping in close touch with Kearney. The diary begins at Independence, Kansas, on June 11, 1846; it closes near Monterey, Mexico, on September 8, 1847.

This youthful, wealthy, and beautiful bride brought to her experiences a fresh, impressionable mind, and the very naïveté of her journal is often charming. At first her delight in open air travel was unqualified. "O, this is a life I would not exchange for a good deal!" she exclaims. "There is such independence, so much free uncontaminated air, which impregnates that oppression and uneasiness felt in the gossipping circles of a settled home." She enjoyed the prairie flowers, the wolves' howling at night, the wild gooseberries she gathered for a tart. Her pages record with considerable gusto the changing scenes of the march: the busy companies of emigrants outfitting at Council Grove, the Indians naked save for breechclouts, the sublimity of a prairie thunderstorm, the sighting of antelope and other game. "Such soup as we have made of the hump ribs, one of the most choice parts of the buffalo," she notes. "I never eat its equal in the best hotels of New York and Philadelphia. And the sweetest butter and most delicate oil I ever tasted is not surpassed by the marrow taken from the thigh bones." Bent's Fort she found a pleasant resting place, and Santa Fé, where she briefly took up housekeeping, seemed a most romantic spot.

Unfortunately, there were less pleasant experiences, of which she also writes with a good deal of vivid detail. Mosquitos tormented them constantly, she objected to the other "bugs;" she was in constant fear for the safety of *mi alma*, her bridegroom; their carriage was smashed, and both of them bruised; at Fort Bent she suffered the miscarriage of a child; and the dirt and uncouthness about her was unpleasant to a gentlewoman. When she reached the Mexican towns and saw little children running about without even a "chimese" she was shocked. "I am constrained to keep my veil drawn closely over my face all the time to protect my blushes." Their only society in Santa Fé was the military society of Kearney's troops, and in this she seems to have been an important figure. She and her husband moved southward into Mexico with some of these troops, which in the spring of 1847 were ordered to join Zachary Taylor at Monterey. Historically, the most important parts of her journal are those final pages which describe military scenes. At Saltillo she saw Gen. Wool draw up his troops in expectation of an attack from a much superior force of Mexicans in the vicinity; at Monterey she received a call from Gen. Taylor. She was greatly disappointed in "Old Rough and Ready," for she found him gracious, courteous, quiet, and unassuming—not at all the rough bear as painted by common report.

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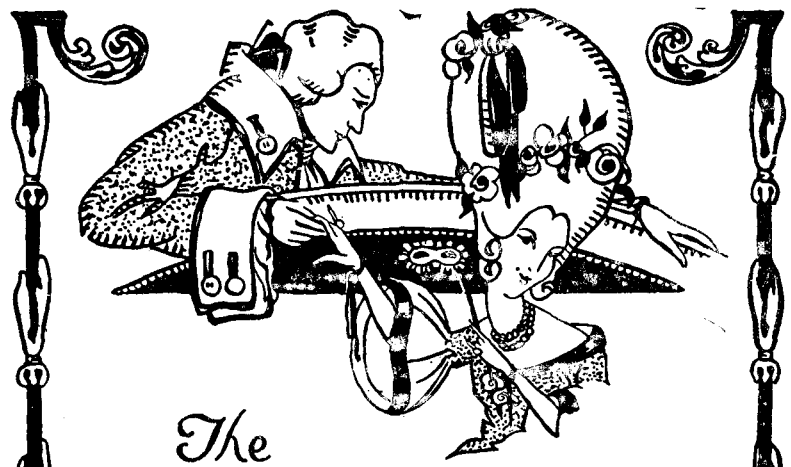

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TWO VAGABONDS IN SWEDEN AND LAPLAND. By JAN GORDON and CORA J. GORDON. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $5.

The two vagabonds, Jan and Jo Gordon, are entitled to that designation, for they sedulously avoid the trail of the conventional and respectable tourist to the accepted pilgrimage shrine, as they journey now north, now south in their search for uninvaded regions where one may hope to find unspoiled and natural peasant types, and unexploited and genuine local color. Spain and France have been their former haunts, but this new odessey chronicles adventures in the far north, rural Sweden and remote Lapland. It is not an expedition to be understaken lightly but a sense of humor and a ready adaptability, coupled with good-will and determination enable them to accomplish their purpose against a variety of major and minor odds, and to enter rather intimately into the simple life of these unfamiliar regions.

Sans the usual tourist trappings, armed with their paint box, lute and guitar, they enter Stockholm, not with the Grand Hotel or the galleries as their objective but workingmen's lodgings of the most modest type. Tarrying but briefly, but long enough to sniff the flavor of Stockholm's humbler resorts and pastimes, they journey north into Helsingland to a village called Nyby, lured there by a forthcoming fiddler's contest. Installed in a typical Swedish farmhouse, they enter into the spirit of this musical festival with cheerful enthusiasm, and a joyous freshness may be called the keynote of their many adventures and misadventures in quest of Swedish music, and other native manifestations of culture. Neither flies nor mosquitos, veritable pests in these parts, nor other discomforts dampen their ardor or prevent them from filling their sketch books with gay and spirited record of things seen. There are also vivid colors to further embellish their story.

Lapland almost proves their undoing. The hardships involved in traveling there are only for the most sturdy and adventurous. But obstacles are overcome and our vagabonds achieve a partial triumph at least over inhospitable nature and a population with an inhibition against the camera and sketch book.

Brief Mention

IT is fiction that first confronts us on our shelf this week. Here is "Folly's Gold" by *Leroy Scott*, (Houghton Mifflin), $2). Mr. Scott has often written graphically of the underworld. In this, his latest novel, Clifford, a young detective, encounters Bradley, a detective turned blackmailer. Clifford's wife had left him on her wedding day and is now in Bradley's employ. The book is really a series of short stories, episodes in which Clifford is forever trying to trap Bradley and the latter is escaping. In fact, he escapes at the end, doubtless to reappear in a sequel. These escapes are managed with great ingenuity by the author. The story is exciting. *Alfred H. Bill's* "Highroads of Peril" (Little, Brown $2) is an historical novel of the Napoleonic period, full of intrigues. The charming and mysterious Irishman, Chevalier Dillon, is an interesting character. The secret agents of the exiled Louis XVIII are at work. Innumerable dangers and adventures pursue Franklin Darlington, the American hero. Mr. Bill is the author of "The Clutch of the Corsican," another rattling adventure story. "Coffee and Conspiracy" by *Thomas Grant Springer* (Harold Vinal. $2) transports us to Central America, where tropical plantations and southern republics are full of intrigue and romance. Springer, an old San Francisco newspaper man, has knocked around the world considerably and done all sorts of writing, and he knows the Latins. Then again, it is about time some one wrote a book about the test pilot. *Thomas Burtis's* "Russ Farrell, Test Pilot" (Doubleday, Page. $1.50) supplies the need. While the writing is not distinguished, the excitement provided by the test pilot's dangers and exploits, and the advance information about aviation embedded in the yarn, recommend it. "The Judge and Two Lizzies" by *Charles T. Fullwood* (Dorrance. $2), is, on the other hand, a humorous tale of an educative cross-country flivver tour. Small-town wit and homely philosophy,—that kind of a book, if you like it. At the opposite pole is *Arthur Weigall's* intense and rather turgid novel "The Not Impossible She" (New York: Frank-Maurice. $2). This book is not particularly well written. It is chopped out of life with a meat-axe. It is occasionally absurd. It beats the obvious into a pulp. A thick, solid English novel originally published in England in 1925, by a well-known Egyptologist, author and artist, who was once assistant to Flinders Petrie and started writing novels back in 1919. He was special correspondent of the *Daily Mail* at the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen and is a qualified journalist. A man of many gifts. His book baffles one; because it is, in certain ways, so bad, and yet—it deals with fierce directness with love and marriage, it endeavors to be unsparingly honest, despite its sensationalism. Mr. Weigall's conception of Moira, moreover, is decidedly interesting. She lives on the printed page. She and Clotilde are well contrasted. Sebastian one doesn't much like but he is entirely recognizable as a human being. The book has force and direction. "Renewed from Without" by *Charles Edmund Deland* (The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. $2) is, on the other hand, hardly better than its blurb, which runs as follows: "Who loves the ebb and flow of picturesque human waves agitated by contending motives, flashing froth scintillant with satire and drastic sarcasm, and grotesque in curvetings surcharged with the outlandish and obtrusive." After that, what in the world do you expect? Nor should the *Reverend B. J. Murdoch's* "Souvenir," to be ordered from the author at Douglastown, N. B., Canada, detain us here for long. It is simple and sweet. So, for that matter is "Where the Sod Shanty Stood" by *Virgil D. Boyles* and *O. W. Coursey*, Litt. D., published by the Educator Supply Company of Mitchell, S. D.,—but not as good as "Dotty Dimple" or "Work and Win." We come to the end of our fiction with a much better book than any of these last,—yet a mediocre novel judged by other standards, namely "Kingdoms of the World," by *Margaretta Tuttle* (Putnam, $2). Of it the publisher says, "The dialogue is scintillant (*objection sustained*) and the brilliant descriptions of diplomatic life in Rome's gay winter season provide an interesting setting for this romance of the Old World and the New." We may fairly leave it at that.

Miscellaneous indeed is the second edition of our self. "An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln," by *Nathaniel Wright Stephenson* (Bobbs-Merrill. $5) contains portions of Lincoln's letters, speeches and conversations. "Foundations of the Republic—Speeches and Addresses of *Calvin Coolidge*" (Scribners. $2.50) are our self-martyred President's utterances on education, labor, religion, the Press, government, America in general and other things in particular. "101 New Ways for Women to Make Money," by *Ruth Leigh* (Simon and Schuster. $2) will strike a brighter note, for women. Miss Leigh discusses a wonderful number of things that women can turn into cash, from hemstitching made easy to stringing beads and the raising of goldfish. There follow two thin volumes of meditations. William Allen White's "Boys Then and Now" (Macmillan. $1.25) is a really crisp and pithy discussion of what the old days did for and to youth and what the present does in contrast; and "Meditations of a Profane Man," by "H" (Holt) containing apothegms not nearly so astonishing as the title would seem to indicate, but nuggeted with wisdom. *William Edwin Rudge* has printed *Judge Charles Forrest Moore's* slight book of essays, "Comradeship," specializing in friendliness, in a most attractive way. You can procure a copy for a dollar by writing Rudge at 475 Fifth Avenue. And *David Grayson* has got out a charming Christmas brochure through Doubleday, Page ($.75), "A Day of Pleasant Bread," which would be an excellent small gift to your friends in lieu of an expensive card. Another nice little Rudge book is a printing of five hundred and fifty copies of *Lafcadio Hearn's* "Insects and Greek Poetry," which was a lecture delivered by Hearn before Japanese students in his class in English literature, and here reprinted for the first time in book form.

In "New Plays for Mummers" (Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. $1.50) *Glen Hughes* has satirized modern plays and at the same time revived the quaint and irreverent manner of the old English mummers' shows. His ten short dramas are in rollicking rhyme. They include an English Comedy, a Russian Tragedy, a Chinese-American Romance, a Rural Melodrama, and so on. They are beautifully printed and bound in art paper with a striking red cover and with numerous block-print illustrations by Richard Bennett. *Percival Wilde*, whose one-act plays are always notable, has produced in "Kings in Nomania" (Appleton. $1.25) a Christmas fantasy which possesses great charm and originality and yet makes no special demands upon the producer. The play may be acted by children or by a mixed group of grown-ups and children. *Norreys Jephson O'Conor's* "The Fairy Bride" (The Lennan Shee) a prologue to Irish drama in three acts, has now gone into French's Standard Library Edition (Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York City). It is a delicate and beautiful drama by a well-known Irish-American poet.

Books in another category are "Syria" by *Leonard Stein* (New York: Adephi Co. $1.50), a simple statement of the Syrian situation down to the end of 1925, in which the author has written a book proposing to bring together scattered information and present it impartially (his former work was on Zionism), and "Origins of the Czechoslovak State" by *Thomas Capek, Jr.*, printed for the author of 340 East 198th Street by the Revell Press. This latter is a compact little volume, with a summarized history of the Slavic nations of the old Austrian Empire, followed by a cursory account of the events which led to the setting up of the Czechoslovak State. Important documents are included in an appendix; there is no bibliography.

Then we have "A Popular Encyclopædia of Health" by *Dr. Lee K. Frankel* and *Dr. Donald B. Armstrong* (A. & C. Boni. $3.50), which now makes information usually limited to doctors and nurses available for the average reader. Back of the book are years of experience in disease prevention on the part of the authors who belong to the Welfare Division of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Elizabeth Sage's "A Study of Costume" (Scribners. $2) treats this subject from the days of the Egyptians to modern times. To each chapter is appended a list of questions pertinent to the matter discussed. The book is a useful compendium. "The English Castles," by *E. B. d'Auvergne* (Dodd, Mead. $6), is an importation of large size with illustrations in color, in which the topic is covered from the time of the earliest citadels and pre-Norman castles. Finally "I'm Better To-Day," a compilation of cheerful stuff designed to cheer up invalids, is brought together by *race Gaige* and published by Reilly and Lee of Chicago. There are blank pages to be filled in on "Flowers Received," Gifts Received," "Books I Want to Read," etc.

In his "Profile" (Munich: Duncker & Humblot), Victor Naumann has presented a series of lively and illuminating sketches of personalities of Germany and Austria-Hungary prominent during the World War. His essays are informed and discriminating, and based on personal acquaintance with their subjects.

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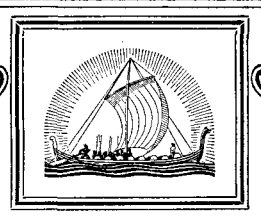

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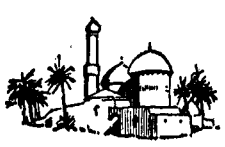

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WE thank *W. R. Van Slyke*, mining engineer of Eveleth, Minnesota, for sending us a version of "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer" as it appears in a college Song Book in his library. Parallel to it he has placed the version he learned in 1906. This makes the third complete version of the song we have received since we first mentioned its partial quotation in "Beau Sabreur." It is evidently a highly popular ballad. . . .

During October, according to 103 booksellers in 90 cities, *Ferber*, *Wren* and *Galsworthy* were leading the selling fiction in that order, and *Durant*, *Barton* and *Dorsey* the General Literature. But *Ferber* and *Durant* had their nearest competitors well outdistanced. . . .

A new Americana series is being started by Doubleday, Page. It will consist of source material such as the unpublished letters of *John Paul Jones*, *Thomas Jefferson*, *Lafayette* and *Franklin*, and manuscripts by *Washington Irving*. The first publication in the series, just out, is "*Button Gwinnett*, Signer of the Declaration of Independence," a biography of the famous Georgian by *Charles Francis Jenkins*. Gwinnett's signature recently brought the highest price ever paid for an autograph. Gwinnett was a man of considerable importance in Continental America. . . .

We have received a blank to fill out for tickets for the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters' Labor Dinner. We're sorry we won't be able to go. We wonder whether the Brotherhood has any Brotherhood songs that they sing at their dinners. Some might be, "All Alone in the Lonely Aisles," "The Whisk Broom Blues," "I Hear You Ringing But I Ain't Agointuh Heed," "Uppers and Lowers and All." . . .

Christmas now being nigh it seems appropriate to mention that if *Frank J. Wilstach* had not spent Christmas in Cheyenne many years back we might never have had his book on *Wild Bill Hickok*. For in that indecorous frontier town on Christmas night he met at a local dance, the wife of one of the leading picture-card financiers of the town, *Mrs. S. L. Moyer*. She had formerly been *Minnie Wells* the trapezist and Wild Bill and the window Lake had been married at her home. From her Wilstach acquired much information about Wild Bill. . . .

The International Book Review, after running four years, demised with its November number. We are sorry. We welcome all distractions from work and it was one of the distractions. . . .

We are in receipt of *Fire!!* devoted to the younger negro artists, a quarterly published at 314 West 138th Street, the premier issue being edited by *Wallace Thurman* in association with *Langston Hughes*, *Gwendolyn Bennett*, *Richard Bruce*, *Cora Neale Hurston*, *Aaron Douglas* and *John Davis*. The drawings by Richard Bruce and Aaron Douglas are good, and Bruce starts perpetrating a spasmodic effort called "Smoke, Lilies and Jade" which seems to be an attempt at a negro "Ulysses." And Wallace Thurman defends *Van Vechten* against negro protests against his "Nigger Heaven." . . .

We were shocked to hear of *George Sterling's* death. He wrote some really fine poetry. Certain of his sonnets are masterly. His spirit was one of enthusiasm and generosity toward his confrères. Recently he hailed the rising of *Robinson Jeffers*, wrote a book on the man's work. There was never an atom of the mean or grudging in Sterling. He was greatly gifted and a loyal friend. Some of his work will live. . . .

On the day prior to Sterling's death *Allen Upward* died in England, also by his own hand. Some of his poetry anticipated the Imagist movement. He fought as a volunteer in the war between Greece and Turkey in 1897 and was Headmaster of Inverness College in 1916. . . .

And yet a third death of moment to the literary world was that of *Clement K. Shorter* the English editor, who died on November 19th at his home in London, aged sixty-nine. His illness last August had forced him to give up editing the *Sphere*, which he had founded in 1900. . . .

Returning to Sterling, on September fourth *The Saturday Review of Literature* published his sonnet "Silence," one of the most impressive of his later poems, and his sonnet "The Final Faith" appeared in *The Commonweal* of December first. We quote its sestet here in memory of this distinguished poet:

But when the humiliation of the flesh
Is ours, like truant children going home
We turn to thee, the beautiful and best,
Whose dew-remembered flowers are ever fresh—
Whose winds are from the snows and ocean-foam—
Who hast the starlight on thy marble breast.

In Dublin William Butler Yeats, the sixth volume of whose collected works is just appearing in this country, is a distinguished printer of books as well as a poet. His Cuala Press holds high rank. It is a branch of the Cuala Industries run by the Yeats family. One of W. B.'s sisters has charge of the embroidery department of the industries, one manages the hand-press whose publications the poet himself edits. His brother, *Jack Butler Yeats*, of the Royal Hibernian Academy, designs the hand-colored prints which are a by-product of the firm. . . .

The Gypsy, the Cincinnati All-Poetry Magazine, prints in its Winter Issue of December some lines from an old-fashioned autograph album of 1836 by *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. The verses are used by courtesy of *Mr. W. T. H. Howe*, as they are from his collection of rare MSS, and folios. . . .

At the age of seven, Zona Gale, author of fourteen works of fiction, the latest of which is "Preface to a Life," began writing with the following:

THE THREE TRAVELERS

The sun was sinking behind the western hills when three travellers appeared, walking very fast for it was getting dark, and they were all alone. One was tall with long whiskers and grey hair. One was short with a brown mustache. The other was middle sized with a bare face. Suddenly down the path came a beautiful maiden. The short man loved her right away and so did the tall man. The short man asked her: "What is your name?" She replied: "I am lost." The short man offered to show her the way to town but when they reached there the tall man stepped up and said: "Will you marry me?" And the maiden answered: "N—yes, I will too." And so they were married and lived happily ever afterward.

Scribners is publishing the largest, richest and most individual anthology of English and American literature ever issued (they say). This is the Copeland Reader. Some years ago *Professor Copeland* of Harvard began to choose selections he had read aloud publicly or in his courses, or to friends gathered in Hollis 15. He thus formed a collection of prose and verse of some 1,700 large pages. For Harvard men especially attached to "Copey" a special edition has been made of 250 copies, in two volumes, with photogravure frontispieces, one a portrait and the other a view of Copeland's study in Hollis Hall. The price of this special edition is eighteen dollars. . . .

"The Dark Dawn," by *Martha Ostenso*, is reported to be making even better record than her first novel, "Wild Geese." It is at present in its third large printing. Miss Ostenso has just restored an old house on the top of the Palisades in New Jersey where she can look from Tarrytown to the Battery, provided, of course, there isn't too much smoke, etc., in the atmosphere. . . .

A *precis* of the feats of *Louis M. Elshemus, M.A.*, has come to hand. It advertises "The Art Reformer," for sale at art and book stores or at Studio, 132 East 23d., Street, Room 1. Louis Michel Elshemus is assuredly a man of vast talents. He is thus partially described in the circular before us. "At 25 years of age he was a master of painting, poetry, prose, and of music. Since 1889 he pursued the three fine art assiduously—achieving success in each. His art output is marvellous: master-works in every form and subject in literature, over 200 vols.; art works: 3,000 paintings (oils and water colors); pencil drawings, designs, etc., over 2,000; in music, over 100 piano pieces, and 1,000 unwritten musical works." Mr. Elshemus is also an inventor of a gold leaf gild, two frame attachments, a magical ink that renews itself, and he discovered wireless telegraphy in 1886. "He is the most rapid master painter of all time, eclipsing Van Dyck of reputed fame." He is a globe-trotter, a mesmerist, and has written sonnets at the rate of ten a day; one in five minutes; fifty in twelve hours. "Having written over 1,500 sonnets, of which 1,000 are perfect, his rapidity in creating them is wonderful." He also wrote a five-act drama in 30 hours. In painting he has discovered ten new techniques, unknown to any artist living. He has painted a perfect nude in twenty minutes. . . .

Mr. Elshemus is really quite talented. But we are exhausted by all that for this week. Guess we'll have to stagger off home!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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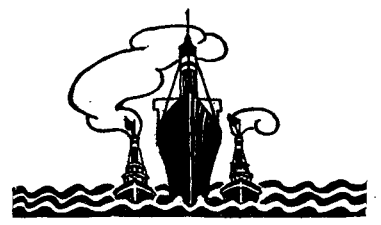

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AT AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

A FINE collection of first editions of Rudyard Kipling formed by Paul Hyde Bonner of this city, the writings of James B. Cabell and other modern authors comprising the library of Kingsland Spencer, of Tarrytown, N. Y., and selections from the library of Eustace Conway of this city, together with an extensive series of books designed by Bruce Rogers, were sold at the American Art Galleries on November 23 and 24. This sale comprising 975 lots of choice modern first editions and finely printed books brought together a good audience of bookbuyers and interest and competition was keen throughout the three sessions.

The highest price, $3,350, was paid for the first edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics," 16mo, original blank white paper wrappers, Lahore, 1881. This is the extremely rare original issue of the first edition of Kipling's first book, of which only 50 copies were printed. A few copies were issued in this form, and later the brown wrappers added and the size of the book reduced. Therefore the issue in the white covers, as described here, might be termed a trial issue. These poems were written while Kipling was at school in England, and were printed in India by his parents.

Other important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Carroll (Lewis). "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There," 2 vols., 12mo, levant morocco by Reviere, London, 1866-1872. First published edition of the first, and first edition of the second. $170.

De Quiney (Thomas). "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," 16mo, levant morocco by Reviere, London, 1822. First edition. $90.

Dickens (Charles). "David Copperfield," in original parts, in case, London, 1849-1850. First issue of the first edition. $105.

Harte (Bret). "Excelsior," lithograph illustrations, oblong 32mo, 16 pp. original wrappers, in case, New York, 1878. Issued as an advertisement of Sapolio, and the first copy to appear at auction. $255.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Departmental Ditties and Other Verses," narrow 8vo, original cream colored wrappers, in case, Lahore, 1886. First edition. $250.

Kipling. "Plain Tales from the Hills," 12mo, original pictorial cloth, Calcutta, 1888. First issue of the first edition. $110.

Kipling. "Life's Handicap," 12mo, original cloth, London, 1891. First edition, with presentation inscription and short unpublished poem in the poet's handwriting. $1,275.

Kipling. Original manuscript of the motto to the second part of "Lawful Occasions," which appears on p. 128 of the first edition of "Traffics and Discoveries," comprising two stanzas, eight lines each, about 115 words, signed. $775.

Rogers (Bruce—Typographer). Guerin (Maurice de). "The Centaur," a translation by George B. Ives, from the French. Small folio, boards, uncut, with label, Montague Press, 1915. Formerly in the collection of Bruce Rogers with his bookplate. $300.

A NEW HIGH RECORD

WHEN the autograph collection of the late Col. James H. Manning, of Albany, was sold last January at the Anderson Galleries, and the signature of Button Gwinnett, Georgia Signer, brought $22,250, it seemed then that a new high record had been reached that would be very hard to beat. Inside of a year the record has been badly beaten and a new sensationally high record has been made. In the sale of American autographs collected by the late Theodore Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, Mass., sold by order of his granddaughter, Mrs. Arthur Swann, of this city, at the Anderson Galleries, November 26, a document signed by Button Gwinnett brought $28,500, an advance of $6,250. Dr. Rosenbach, who bought the Gwinnett signature in the Manning sale, was, also, the purchaser of the signature in the Sedgwick sale. He had a lively race for this rarest of the Signers with Kenyon V. Painter, of Cleveland, Ohio. The same buyer secured a 1776 war letter written by General Lachlan McIntosh, who mortally wounded Gwinnett in a duel, for $230. A manuscript sermon in the handwriting of Cotton Mather, preached on March 3, 1702, was sold to Edgar Wells, of this city, for $150. Dr. Rosenbach paid $1,125 for a war letter written by General Israel Putnam to General Washington, under date of October 18, 1778. The entire collection, comprising 206 lots, sold in a single session, brought $36,000.50.

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